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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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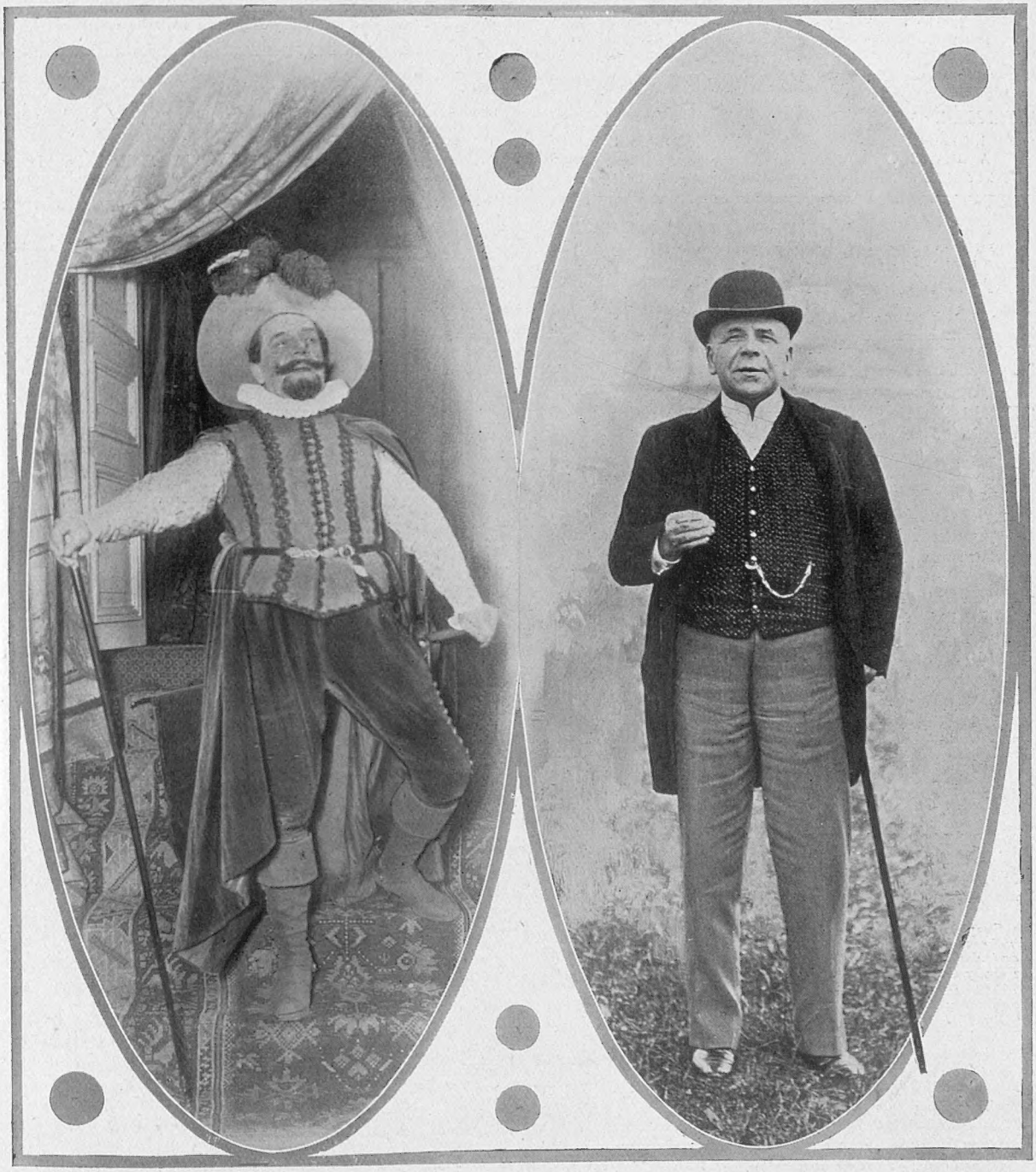

As Cyrano de Bérgerac, a part in which he was universally famous

As private citizen, a capacity in which he was universally beloved

THE LATE M. COQUELIN IN ROMANCE AND REALITY

Like his great brother in art, Henry Irving, Coquelin aîné, France's greatest actor, died in harness. It is but six months ago that theatre goers were crowding to His Majesty's Theatre to enjoy some of the best work of the French stage Sardou's "L'Affaire des Poisons" filled the bill then, but it is for his "Cyrano" that Coquelin's memory will remain enshrined for ever in our hearts

No. 270—Vol. XXI.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

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The English Review. February, 1909. (Duckworth: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
The Badminton Magazine. Edited by A. E. T. Watson. (1*s.* net.)
Sievier's Monthly. February, 1909; Part II. (6*d.*)
"Little Dinners with the Sphinx." By R. le Gallienne. (Lane: 6*s.*)
"Fatality." By G. G. Chatterton. (Long: 6*s.*)
The All Story Magazine. February, 1909. (Frank Munsey: 6*d.*)
"The Girl from Catford." By Olivia Ramsay. (Long: 6*s.*)
"Lawn Tennis Almanack, 1909." By F. H. Ayres. (Ayres: 1*s.*)
"Picturesque Donegal." By E. S. Shrubsole. (Cate: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Balthaser." By Anatole France. (Lane: 6*s.*)
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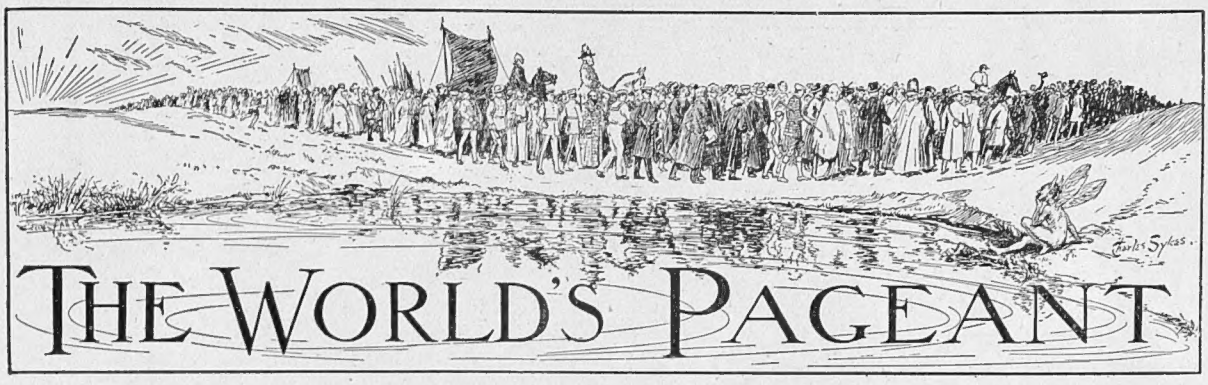


THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"

The present is not the happiest of times for members of the Royal suite, for those who are accompanying the King to Berlin are at present busily engaged in rubbing up their German (if any), in order that they may be able to say "*ja, ja*" and "*nein, nein,*" or any other repartees that may be imposed upon them by the exigencies of the diplomatic situation. Fortunately, however, the King, unlike the late Queen Victoria, is not very strict in insisting on a knowledge of German among members of his Household, so that the suite is not called upon to be unpleasantly proficient in that tongue.

* * *

The Rathaus Tea-Party

When King Edward visits the Rathaus, the Kaiser will not accompany him, so that the function will be more on Guildhall lines. What is more important, it will avoid complications, as the presence of the Emperor — in military mood — would put too much restraint upon the hospitality of the good German officials; whereas, if the Emperor assumed a civic attitude and unbent—well, then, there might be uttered some more "world-truths," which we are always better without. The Queen will not go to the Rathaus; in fact, her Majesty will be spared as much fatigue as possible. The lunch *en famille* on the arrival of the Royal guests, and the subsequent rest from the journey in the afternoon (previously to the State banquet at night), will be a very grateful arrangement. After Biarritz, the King will, I understand, make a short stay in Paris, paying a private visit to President Fallières.

* * *

John Sinclair Baron

Much comment, but no surprise, is created by the elevation to the peerage of the Right Hon. John Sinclair. Descended from an old Scottish family, Captain Sinclair has long been known politically. His stepping-stone to promotion was when he became private secretary to the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Liberal Whip. On the formation of the Ministry much surprise was expressed at his selection as Secretary for Scotland, with Cabinet rank, and he will probably never forget the scathing attacks made on him in the Lords by Lord Rosebery. Now, being raised to the peerage, Captain Sinclair himself has explained to his constituents that the reason is a desire on the part of the Prime Minister that "there should be a representative in the House of Lords acquainted with the administration of Scottish affairs." Presumably, the fact that Captain Sinclair had been aide-de-camp and secretary to Lord Aberdeen when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Governor-General of Canada, has had its influence on getting him appointed himself to the latter post, which Lord Grey will vacate at the end of the year.

Photo *Speaight*

The Latest Portrait of the German Crown Princess and Her Sons

Taken at a special sitting at Marmor Palace, Potsdam. Prince Wilhelm is two and a half, and Prince Ludwig just over one year old. The King will, of course, visit the Crown Prince and Princess during his forthcoming mission

Great Hostesses of the Two Isles

Lord Sinclair married, in 1904, Lady Marjorie Gordon, Lord and Lady Aberdeen's daughter; probably, therefore, these little matters had some concern with his creation as Lord Sinclair.

* * *

Lady Aberdeen

With February comes the Dublin Season. Yesterday was held, by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the opening Levée, and the following evening the Drawing-Room in St. Patrick's Hall. Lady Aberdeen is a Scotswoman with Irish sympathies, who has done many things, and all these well. Her work for the Irish Industries' Association is alone something to boast of, and although the Dubliners, when first she became Vicereine, were inclined to pine for the *beaux yeux* and pretty frocks of Lady Cadogan and Lady Dudley, they soon grew to like her, and do still like her, with reason, for she has shown an unbounded good-nature towards them. Lady Aberdeen is at the head of more charitable affairs than any woman in the kingdom.

* * *

Lady Londonderry

Lord Beaconsfield said of Lady Londonderry, who, for the opening of Parliament, entertains the Conservative Peers in place of Lady Lansdowne, that she lived a life of "sustained splendour." Well, she not only lived the life in his time, but has lived it ever since. Because she has an aquiline profile and is so fond of tiaras, people call her "haughty." As a fact, however, although she can be very business-like when she has a public scheme on hand, she is really the opposite of austere. King Edward regards her talents as one of London's first hostesses with the greatest admiration, and, on the occasion of the Kaiser's first State visit to London, Lady Londonderry was asked by his Majesty to give a banquet for him at Londonderry House, which she did with tremendous success. *Châtelaine* of three of the most stately homes of England, she is a lavish entertainer.

Conservative: Lady Londonderry

Who, on the re-assembling of Parliament, will officially entertain the Conservative Peers in the place of Lady Lansdowne, who has not yet returned from India, where she went for the Viceregal wedding

Photos] **Liberal: Lady Aberdeen** [*Lafayette*

Who, yesterday (Tuesday), held, with the Lord-Lieutenant, the first Levée of the Dublin Season, which was attended by Sir Neville Lyttelton, who commands the Forces in Ireland, and his Staff. To-day (Wednesday), their Excellencies hold a Drawing-Room in St. Patrick's Hall

* * *

London Fogs—

One used to hear that all sorts of clever scientific people were going to do away with our fogs and abate the smoke and so forth—but that was years ago, and we are still befogged for days at a time. Although very unpleasant to most people, it must be owned that this little arrangement gives a chance to that submerged tenth which flourishes when London is blackest. If the wild and daring shooters of Tottenham had waited for a fog much trouble would have been saved.

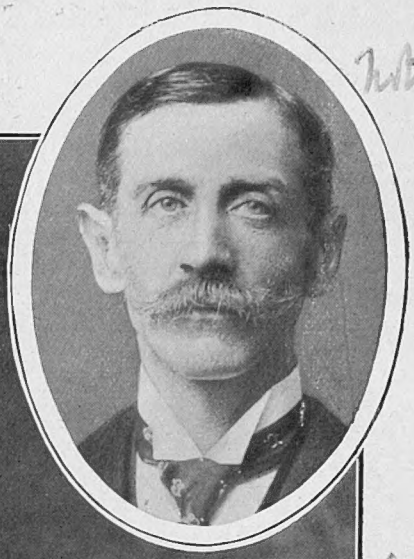
* * *

And Their Chances

Several persons who are dissatisfied with the present distribution of wealth have broken a window or two and snatched a tiara or a handful of diamonds and pearls and disappeared into the fog as though they were masters of some magic unknown to the police. Popular women like Mrs. Keppel have not been spared. When she was walking in Piccadilly the other day, two people, interested in the question of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, engaged her in a sort of collision, with the result that she lost that beautiful gold chain-purse with the handsome emeralds inset which so many of her friends envied. Alas! it contained no end of banknotes and coins, which have now gone to aid some of the dishonest poor.

Canada's Coming Vice-Reign?

THE SEQUEL TO THE SINCLAIR PEERAGE



Photos *Thomson*

Lady Sinclair, the Wife of the Latest Liberal Peer

Lady Marjorie Sinclair is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and married Captain Sinclair in 1904. Her husband acted as Aide-de-Camp and Secretary to Lord Aberdeen in his first term of office as Viceroy in Ireland and in the same capacity when he was Governor-General of Canada, so that Captain Sinclair is well equipped for his rumoured appointment to the latter post

Lord Sinclair (formerly Capt. Sinclair, M.P.)
The next Viceroy of Canada, according to newspaper report, though, apparently, not yet officially. He is, at present, Secretary for Scotland

The Granard Honeymoon

Versatile Mrs. Keppel

Mrs. George Keppel dresses beautifully, is very amusing, quick at repartee, and a splendid business woman. She is extremely good-natured, and has the happy knack of humanising those with whom she comes into contact. When she finds in others a tendency to take too stern a view of duty, perhaps in the direction of making life not very easy for those of one's family circle, she has been known to exercise a softening influence, with the greatest advantage to all concerned. She is, of course, quite fond of Bridge, and is a keen motorist. She has very good taste; and is adaptable. Her house in Portman Square is arranged in excellent style, and she was the first Society woman to turn her stables, displaced by the necessary garage, into a billiard-room. If Mrs. Keppel has Scotch relations with whom she does not enjoy agreement on all points, still she is very fond of Scotland, and when there with her little girl, lives quite simply, and thoroughly enjoys the life.

* * *

The Countess of Warwick

The somewhat pedestrian Labour Party Conference at Portsmouth Town Hall has been brightened by that admirable Socialistic aristocrat, Lady Warwick, who always seems to me to carry about with her a gay note of farce, notwithstanding her undoubted sincerity. But in whatever capacity she appears before the world, Lady Warwick is a wonderful woman. For a little time one heard nothing of her. However, it was with her but the case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. Now she is back at Warwick Castle again with her family, and things are none the less agreeable, it is said, for the fact that she has made the enormous sum of a quarter of a million by her own speculations.

* * *

Another Return

Mrs. George Cornwallis West is returning to her old haunts. Tyburn missed her badly when she forsook it for Bloomsbury and St. Albans, and as a reparation she has just taken Madame Melba's delightful house in Great Cumberland Place. Here, by the way, she will be within a stone's throw of her sisters.

* * *

Mrs. William James Acts

The Midhurst Sanatorium has been the favoured scene of a pretty performance of *The Mollusc*, by Mrs. William James and the clever amateurs with whom she surrounds herself. She was much acclaimed by the inmates, and the head physician referred in a speech to the great interest Mrs. James had taken in the Sanatorium. A matinée performance was also given by the same party at the Brighton Alhambra in the cause of charity. Many will be glad to hear that the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James, who has just undergone an operation for appendicitis, is progressing satisfactorily.

* * *

Will Father Follow?

Does Lord Dalmeny's forthcoming retirement foreshadow a breaking away of the Rosebery clan from the Liberal host? Subsequent events may reveal the son of the house as the leader of the retreat of the father. The grounds of difference are put somewhat vaguely in Lord Dalmeny's manifesto, but I expect the threatened land tax will prove the actual cause of severance. Lord Rosebery has made it fairly clear that, so far as land is concerned, he is as Tory as most other landlords.

* * *

Cock-Fighting at Holkham

Among the late Lord Leicester's reminiscences were tales of the cock-fighting that went on in the portico of Holkham on wet days, when the inmates used to gather round to view the contests. Among the guests were the Duke of Sussex, who was godfather to his lordship, and who puffed his long German pipe of peace. The celebrated Lord Althorp and the old Anglo-German Duke were the only men, it is safe to say, who ever smoked at Holkham.

* * *

Some Leicester Chronology

The last Lord Leicester but one set a curious example, which was closely followed by his son. "Mr. Coke" (Lord Leicester) was

The Granard Honeymoon: The Earl and Countess leave New York

After the most gorgeous wedding of recent times, even for New York, the Earl of Granard and his Countess (*née* Miss Ogden Mills) left, by motor, to spend their honeymoon at Staatsburg, on the Hudson River, and thence, after a stay at Washington, they returned to New York, and are due in London this week

Lady Warwick on Business Bent

seventy years old when his son and heir was born, and there was an interval of fifty-two years between the births of the eldest and the youngest of his children. The last Lord Leicester also married twice, and had two separate families. His youngest child was born to him when he was seventy-two, and there was an interval of nearly fifty years between his eldest and youngest child. One of the late Earl's most quaint habits was that of going to bed at 10 o'clock every night—even when he was the host of Royalty.

* * *

Lord Leicester and Lady Holland

The late Lord Leicester was present on the celebrated occasion when Lady Holland, that old tartar, silenced a too talkative guest with "Let's hear Macaulay!" Lady Holland had one weakness. She was terrified of thunder and lightning, and at the first rumble of a storm fled to the cellar. Once she took Lord Leicester with her. "Did you like it?" afterwards asked a friend. "Like it?" said Leicester grimly. "No. But if Lady Holland says 'Come,' why you have to go!"

* * *

Agapemone

Having made up my mind never to speak of Spaxton again, the fates insist in fairness to Mr. Smyth Pigott, that I should correct the idea that the action of the Consistory Court implies that he has become *défroqué*. As a matter of fact he still bears the title of Rev. The present sentence of deprivation, against which he can appeal, declares him incapable of holding preferment—a desire which, however, he does not share with the rest of the clergy.

* * *

Mr. Haldane's Queer Threat

Mr. Haldane made a queer little remark the other day in a speech of his at Bunhill Row. He said some nasty things about the "slacker," who, he remarked, "simply amused himself and did nothing for his country," and he had some confidence that "if the time of need came, he would be shown what the country thought of him. Not improbably a short and sharp Act of Parliament would be passed if war were to break out, compelling him to do duty in some very inconvenient part of the country."

Photo *L. N. A.*

The Countess of Warwick (with a Businesslike Bag) Going to Last Week's Labour Congress

Last week's Labour Congress at Portsmouth found Lady Warwick as busy a Socialist as ever, and assiduously attending the meetings. Our snapshot reveals her ladyship, carrying a particularly busy ess-like bag (containing Socialist literature?), on her way to the Town Hall

* * *

Shirking the Issue

One cannot condemn too strongly undignified threats of this kind. If Mr. Haldane anticipates an invasion of this country, and if there may be a likelihood of citizens at large being called upon to take part in its defence, the sooner he institutes Compulsory Service the better. The idea that any Government can, on the declaration of war, suddenly interfere with individual liberty by "short and sharp" Acts of Parliament is out of the question.

* * *

Government by Tantrums

Government by fits and starts and tantrums will not do in this ancient land. If there is to be compulsion, let it be instituted in time for it to be of some practical use in the event of war. The idea of calling upon persons engaged quietly in their professions, and suddenly relegating them to unpleasant duties in inconvenient parts of the country, is unworthy of a serious statesman, and Mr. Haldane would be well advised to cease this kind of talk.

* * *

Mr. McKenna and the Navy

It is cheery to note, from Mr. Reginald McKenna's speech, that the Cabinet is ready to meet any cost for naval purposes. This should dispose, once and for all, of the fear of an economist

The Creator of the North Sea Fleet

reaction. During the late summer, Mr. Asquith was, as is generally known, very hard pressed by the "peace at any price" section of his followers. That group which is led by Sir John Brunner made itself rather troublesome, but some means appear to have been found to appease them, so the Navy is to come by its own. The decision to create a North Sea Fleet has, of course, caused somewhat anxious feelings in—would one say?—Iceland. I hope, however, that our Arctic friends will realise that we have no aggressive aims against them, just as we positively decline to believe that they have any against us.

* * *

A Patriotic Play at Wyndham's

"First-nighting" does not rank so high as once it did among the social diversions. But every now and again a first-night audience finds itself subject to one of those "thrills" which give such a savour to life. At Wyndham's Theatre, upon the production of *An Englishman's Home*, there was electricity in the air. People were stirred to their depths. They were "hit" by a most striking and compelling notion for a play. Invasion has often been in the air, but never before has it been brought home to the people by all the arts and enchantments of the stage. The stern note of reality in the play; the grimness of purpose which lent such power to the unknown author's pen; the satire upon England's historic unpreparedness, and invariable luck in "muddling through"—all these elements held the audience spellbound. During the *entr'actes* arose a babel of heated argument. Hit upon the raw, men made voluble excuses for the apathy of England in military matters. In France the theatre is regarded as the platform for the airing of vital social and national questions. But for some reason the propagandist play is shelved in England in favour of the eternal question of the man, his wife, and the *tertium quid*.

* * *

No Offence to Anybody!

The realism of the attack upon the little Essex home, and the accuracy in military detail, set men who had served in the South African Campaign talking of shot and shell and posts hardly defended. Comment raged, of course, on the author's identity. Those in the know and sworn to secrecy had to smile as the "know-alls" who infest first-nights advanced confidently the most unlikely names. But most laughable of all were the traces in the play of the Censor's blue pencil. In order not to offend the delicate susceptibilities of our European friends, the uniforms of the invader had been designed in such picturesque fashion as to be entirely non-committal. It seems that the original ending of the play had represented the invaders as in possession, but in response to the general wish of the players this was altered, and England was made to triumph. This is against the ideas of some military people, who think that the lesson would have been rubbed in better by the original ending. To my mind, however, a little judicious optimism is very necessary to stimulate a patriotic spirit. You cannot arouse enthusiasm in a people by telling them their doom is sealed.

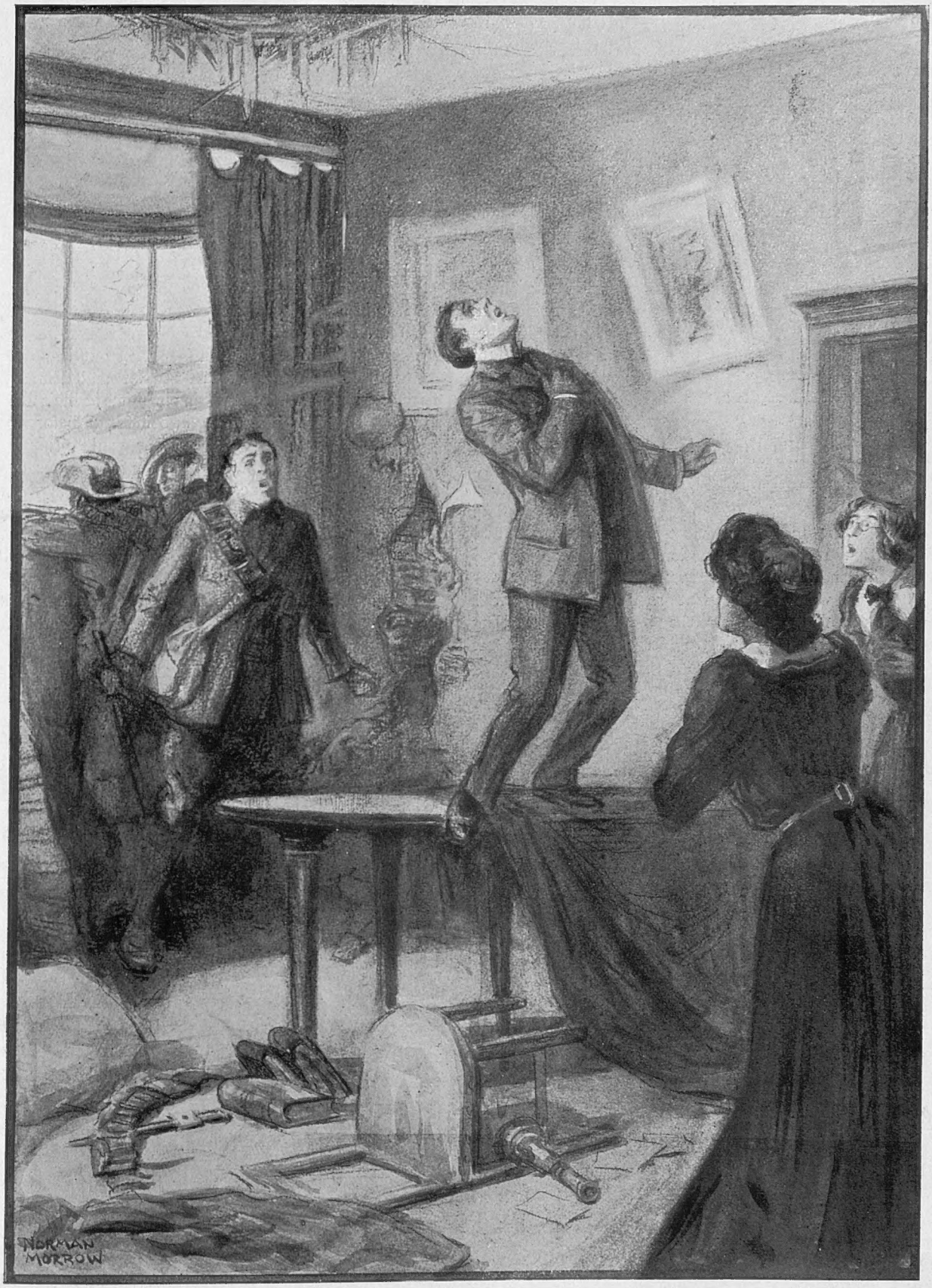
MR. MCKENNA

Photo] **Back to Work After the Holidays: Mr. Reginald McKenna and His Wife Leaving Villefranche** [*Graphic Photo Union*

The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. McKenna, and his wife have been cruising during the recess in the Admiralty yacht, *Enchantress*, and spent a week at Villefranche, where the American Fleet was visited. He returned to this country on Saturday week, however, again to take up his political duties, and has already given assurances regarding the preservation of our Naval supremacy

The Invader Within Our Gates!

A STIRRING SCENE IN THE GREAT PATRIOTIC PLAY, "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME"



"MY WORD! THAT SETS ME OFF!"

The sensation of the hour is the patriotic play at Wyndham's, which portrays the effect of a foreign invasion on the unprepared Englishman. The above, probably the most striking scene, represents the death of "Geoff" Smith, the young man who lives for "footer" and "rots" his Volunteer friend. "Geoff" Smith is standing on a table to "see the fun"—unable yet to realise the seriousness of the situation, when suddenly there is a swishing noise, the scream of a bomb en route, a loud bang, and the overmantel falls crashing to the floor. "Geoff" then utters the above words, but before he can get off the table, another shell bursts, and he falls shot through the heart

Kipling Curling—Is He an Oaf?

Rudyard Ceases Kipling—in Switzerland

Quite forgetful of the "muddied oaf," Rudyard must now be perfectly unconscious of Kipling in thus allowing the latter to overcome the former to the awful extent of actually trifling away patriotic time in ski-ing, tobogganing, and curling at Engelberg

Mr. Kipling Oafs!

Mr. Kipling is oafing! My photograph proves it, and I hope he will not attempt to explain it away. At the little Swiss village of Engelberg above Lucerne, with Mrs. Kipling and his daughter, he toboggans, skis, and curls, actually daily! It is to curling that he is mostly devoted, and is rapidly becoming one of the local team's most deadly shots. His shouts to "Soup her up!" after a good throw, are as loud and as terribly earnest as those of the most ardent Caledonian. In addition to this misdirection of energy when we in England are all so busy "waking up," he is now dallying with the flippant society of Engelberg's hotels and listening to the band! Mrs. Kipling presented the cups and trophies recently won at the ski, toboggan, and bob races.

Edgar Allan Poe in 1909

Whitewashing deceased celebrities is a process of comparatively recent invention. But too much honour cannot be paid to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe to counter-balance the savagery of his first biographer, who took such a harsh and unconscionable view of his "irregularity, eccentricity, and querulousness." Now, the Americans, who grow less puritanical as the years pass, have awakened to the fact that Poe was a genius who sheds lustre upon their nation. Our cousins do not do things by halves, so it does not surprise us to learn that at the recent centenary the memory of the author was honoured by a salute of thirteen guns and the erection of a bronze bust. It would be interesting to know what view Mr. Bernard Shaw takes of this ceremony. One can imagine him heartily in favour of paying respect to a fellow-genius, but decidedly opposed to truckling to the martial spirit. These military honours, carried out less than eighty years after Poe's court-martial and dismissal from West Point, afford a striking instance of life's little ironies. Poe was unfortunate in being born before his real period. Had he lived to-day he would probably have sent up the sales of a magazine by tens of thousands with his stories of crime. And his rates of payment would have enabled him to play bridge for sovereign points, keep motor-cars, and hob-nob with Duchesses.

* * *

York Minster

An enthronement of an Archbishop is so unusual a ceremony that an immense congregation gathered at the Minster on the 25th ult. There were seven hundred diocesan and provincial clergy, and ten or twelve

Photo] **Honouring a Poet by Powder: Firing a Military Salute in Honour of Poe in Poe Park, Fordham, near New York** [*Illustrations Bureau*

It has taken America about eighty years to awaken to the fact that Edgar Allan Poe was a writer worthy of being nationally remembered. The quaintest thing in the recent centenary celebrations was the firing of a military salute of thirteen guns in honour of the memory of the young man who was court-martialled at West Point. Poe's cottage at Fordham is preserved

York's New Archbishop

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF DR. COSMO GORDON LANG AT THE FAMOUS MINSTER

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Archiepiscopal Residence: The Palace, Bishopsthorpe, near York

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Procession of Clergy Entering the West Door of the Cathedral

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The New Archbishop Passing from the Deanery to York Minster for the Enthronement Ceremony

Gorgeous and impressive was the enthronement on Monday week of the new Archbishop of York, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, at the glorious old Minster of York. Besides the notable array of Church and lay dignitaries within the choir, including Lord Halifax, Lord Nunburnholme, the Lord-Lieutenant of East Riding, and his wife, an assembly of over 4,000 persons filled the nave. Dr. Lang took the oath on the ancient Anglo-Saxon Gospel from the Minster Library, and was afterwards enthroned in the chair which has been used for this purpose since the days of Richard I.

The New Earl of Leicester

Photo *W. E. Ward*

The Norfolk Home of the Leicesters: Holkham Hall, to which the New Earl has Just Succeeded

Holkham, Wells, Norfolk, the famous sporting estate of the Leicesters, with the fine old hall and 6,000 acres of beautiful park, has, in the past, frequently been visited by Royalty for the shooting

Bishops supported Dr. Gordon Lang, whose procession through Deanery Green was an imposing affair. Although such a scene is infrequent, one of the legal officials present had taken part in the enthronements of no fewer than four previous Archbishops. The application of faith and religion to everyday life is the evangel that the new Archbishop will preach, and it will be interesting to see how his work, so different from that at Stepney, may develop. Dr. Lang's new home, Bishopsthorpe, about three miles from the Minster, is a favourite resort of the York townspeople. The house itself is more comfortable and utilitarian than impressive. An unsympathetic hand appears to have attempted some Gothic ornament upon the plain structure, the result being rather quaint than splendid.

* * *

The Leicesters

The present owners of Holkham Hall are not in their first youth, as the Earl's father, the late Lord Leicester, who died the other day, was in his eighty-seventh year, and the new heir married Miss Trefusis some four years ago. The present Lord Leicester married the Hon. Alice White, daughter of the second Lord Annaly, in 1879. He is a C.M.G., a K.C.V.O., C.V.O., and Lord-Lieutenant of Norfolk; he was Colonel of the Scots Guards, and has seen plenty of foreign service, including the Boer War, 1900-1902. He is the eldest of a family of nineteen, for his father married twice, and left a son, Mr. Lovel Coke, who is now only sixteen years old, and the uncle of middle-aged nephews. The seat of the Leicesters, Holkham, can hardly be said to be beautiful both without and within, but the interior at least is splendid. The marble hall alone suggests an antique palace of one of the cultured Princes of Rome rather than the entrance to a Norfolk seat.

Photo *Lafayette*

The New Earl of Leicester

He has just succeeded to the Earldom and estates of his late father, who, chronologically speaking, was one of the most wonderful men in the peerage. As Viscount Coke, the new Earl has been Colonel of the Scots Guards, and fought in Egypt and in the Boer War

* * *

Mr. Hugh Clements, "Truth," and Ourselves

I have received a communication from Mr. Hugh Clements, of weather-wise fame, putting his side of a dispute he is having with *Truth*. It is no affair of mine what Mr. Clements and *Truth* may care to quarrel about, but I have a sort of retrospective interest of my own in Mr. Clements. My readers will remember, perhaps, that in the winter of 1907-8 he gave certain weather forecasts in The Bystander. My experience of these was that, on the whole, they were very fairly accurate, and when they were not altogether, I always found Mr. Clements full of

Weather Wiseacres—Two Styles

the most weighty, if not always intelligible, explanations. For instance, for the Christmas Day of 1907, Mr. Clements prophesied "generally overcast and cold," and for Boxing day, "overcast till about middle of afternoon; finer afterwards; variably cloudy till evening; cloudless, with frost at night; cold." Now, in the exact locality of the south in which I happened to be, Christmas Day was cold, but it certainly was not overcast. On the contrary, over Surrey and Sussex, the sun shone radiantly, and there was no cloud visible on Boxing Day. Mr. Clements explained, quite charmingly, that his predictions were for *Greenwich*; and that what he had said was true of that mysterious locality, if not of other of London's districts. From the frequency with which the conditions at Greenwich seemed to differ from those of the parts of the town I myself frequented, I could only conclude that it rejoices in a climatic system, as it does in a Time, distinctly its own—a fact which, no doubt, first attracted to it the original weather-prophets, who, doubtless, had their own critics; and—shrewd men—knew the value of safeguards.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Mr. Hugh Clements

Who, by a blend of mathematics, meteorology, and intuitive instinct, evolves weather prophecies which often come true

The Seismologist

The study of those elusive affairs, the secret seismic submarine disturbances, has kept Professor Milne, of Shide Mill House, Isle of Wight, uncommonly busy just lately. To be told by your own particular instruments recording vibrations that something really important—far more so than Messina—has taken place, and yet not to know where or how this tremendous business has come about, is one of the many crumpled rose-leaves in the bed of the seismologist. But Professor Milne has had so successful and remarkable a past that the chances of the moment leave him untouched. He has laboured in Labrador and Arabia; Russia, Mongolia, the Kurdis, and Corea have known him. He established 968 stations for the Seismic Survey of Japan, and has found time to publish several works on his somewhat specialistic subject. One yet hopes that he may discover how to foretell disturbances in inhabited regions, and thus prove of even greater service to mankind.

Photo *Silk*

Professor Milne (smoking) about to Record a Cataclysm in his Isle of Wight Seismic Office (Note Earthquake-Recorder behind the Stovepipe)

By strict seismic science, the Professor records, without a tremor, the most tremendous cataclysms, involving, perhaps, the loss of thousands of lives and the blotting-out of islands and parts of continents. Only the other day the Professor calmly told us that a mysterious earthquake, vastly bigger than that of Messina, had occurred somewhere or other, which, if affecting populous parts, would have killed thousands

The Triumphs of Penelope

MR. MAUGHAM'S INGENIOUSNESS AND MISS TEMPEST'S CLEVERNESS AT THE COMEDY

Penelope (Miss Marie Tempest) Consults her Father, Prof. Golightly (Mr. Alfred Bishop)

PENELOPE: "I sit and watch her sometimes, and wonder what she has that I have not got"

Dickie (Mr. Graham Browne) Begins to Get Bored

MRS. FERGUSON (*Miss Norma Whalley*): "Do you love me as much as her?"

Penelope Begins her Husband's Cure

PENELOPE (*to her rival, Mrs. Ferguson* (*Miss Norma Whalley*): "We've got a couple of stalls for a music-hall to-night. It would be awfully kind of you if you would go with Dickie instead of me"

Photos] **Penelope Wins a Victory** [*Dover Street Studios*

DICKIE (*Mr. Graham Browne*): "I don't want to think of myself any more. I want to think only of you"

Mr. Maugham's ingeniousness and Miss Marie Tempest's cleverness and fascination mark the latest Comedy success, *Penelope*, from the other productions now running in Town. Miss Tempest's triumphs are no new thing, but Mr. Maugham's genius is again exemplified by the subtle way in which he improves upon the old theme of a wife trying to coax back her husband, a fashionable doctor, by throwing him too much into the company of Mrs. Ferguson

THE PLAYHOUSES

A Scene from the Great Success by the "Merry Widow" Composer, "The Dollar Princess," which is Shortly Due in London

Another great Continental success which has tickled the palate of the British public is *The Dollar Princess*, by Hugo Felix, recently produced, and still being played, at Manchester. The play will before long be brought to London, and probably staged at the Adelphi, when that enormously popular pantomime, *Cinderella*, shall have run its course

GAIETY THEATRE

"Our Miss Gibbs"

Quite a little breeze of excitement was raised by the announcement that the new Gaiety piece was being written by a mysterious "Cryptos." Could it be that Mr. George Edwardes had discovered a new librettist? It is about time that such an one were dragged into the daylight.

Then it leaked out (how *do* these things leak out?) that "Cryptos" was not an individual, but a syndicate. So Gaiety traditions have been upheld. There are quite as many librettists and constructors and lyric-writers and composers as of yore.

Another Gaiety tradition has been preserved. The new piece is a success. *Our Miss Gibbs* is a worthy successor to the hosts of merry "girls" whose charms have attracted such large queues beneath the green glass shelter, and made the Gaiety box-office such a hive of industry.

A Trouser Triumph!

In summing up the factors which have contributed to the success of the new play, I am constrained to give pride of place to Mr. Teddy Payne's trousers. I am awaiting the verdict of our esteemed contemporary, *The Tailor and Cutter*, upon these trousers. I want to know why the "line" of them should be such as to make one double up with laughter. Whoever cut those trousers was a great humorous artist. He knows as much about line as did Phil May. To anyone with an eye for *la ligne*, to which the French so often make reference, the Gaiety play is a source of joy. For not only is the line of Mr. Payne's trousers excruciatingly funny, but the line of the Directoire frocks is amazingly beautiful. I look forward to a visit to the Gaiety Theatre six months hence. By that time the natural humours of the play will have been developed. It is quite funny now, but it promises to be still funnier. At present the gales of laughter blow fiercest when Mr. Payne, suspected of having stolen the Ascot Gold Cup, and rushing from his

Photos **Mlle. Leonore, the Beautiful Spanish Dancer** *Foulsham & Banfield*

Who is now appearing at the Alhambra in "La Petite Bohemienne." Her first appearance was in "Sal-oh-my!"

Harry Lauder as a "Follies" Victim

pursuers in the White City, is mistaken for the winner of the Marathon Race.

This bit of "business" is an inspiration such as rarely flashes across the mind of librettist or even comedian. Mr. Payne's face, as he is "chaired" by the enthusiastic mob, haunts the memory.

The Composers and the Cast

The next factors of success are the composers, Messrs. Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. Not only have they conjured up their most melodious moods, but, more important still, they have wedded their melodies to their subjects. It was the almost laughable suitability of Sullivan's music to Gilbert's words which made their association one which will ever form a brilliant chapter in the history of light opera. And it is refreshing to find again the same spirit of harmony.

The cast is given splendid opportunities, especially Miss Gertie Millar, to whom has been allotted two numbers at least which should take the town—one describing the difference in point of view between London and Yorkshire; the other a fantastic pierrot song to the moon.

As is customary in Gaiety productions, there is a good sprinkling of duets with amusing patter and business, notably the one sung by Mr. Payne and Miss Millar describing their nice little farm, and the one in which Mr. Payne and Mr. George Grossmith, jun., invite each other to come and stay at their respective places in the country.

Photo *Lafayette*

Miss Gwennie Mars Burlesques Harry Lauder

In "The Follies'" delightful pantomime and burlesque of popular favourites at the Apollo, one of the funniest items is Miss Mars' skit on Harry Lauder, her song being "I love America"

A Little Grumble

As far as the dresses are concerned, everything is superb. The scenery is not up to the same high standard. Mr. Joseph Harker has given us so many stage pictures of real beauty that one expected him to do better with that promising subject—the White City. His Court of Honour at the Franco-British Exhibition has a square, squat, and stodgy appearance. A little more imagination and a little less realism would have produced far happier results.

THE AFTERNOON THEATRE

"The Admirable Bashville"

That excellent scheme for producing plays rather out of the ordinary run known as "The Afternoon Theatre" is forging ahead in the most promising fashion. The latest play on the list, *The Admirable Bashville*, as different in character from its predecessor, *Hannele*, as one could imagine, should prove no less to the liking of the patrons of The Afternoon Theatre. But before seeing it, the reader is advised to purchase the shilling edition sold in the theatre and read the author's preface. Mr. Bernard Shaw explains succinctly and humorously his reasons for poetasting his play in the pleasant-sounding rigmarole style. They are very good reasons, the first and most important being the fact (according to Mr. Shaw) that blank verse is so childishly easy and expeditious that by adopting it he was enabled to do within a week what would have cost him a month in prose. The second reason concerns the copyright law, which does not protect the unfortunate author from wretched travesties of his novel. So Mr. Shaw "novelised" *Cashel Byron's Profession* himself with such attention to the metrical beauties of the rigmarole and such flashes of his own particular humour as to make the play most acceptable to "advanced" playgoers, if I may so express them.

Mr. Shaw's Discursiveness

Mr. Shaw possesses the art (which he sometimes employs) of ranging round a wide field of subjects without losing the thread of his story. There are, at the very least, one hundred and one topics touched upon and illuminated by Mr. Shaw in *The Admirable Bashville*, yet his discursiveness never bores us. The play is interpreted in just the right vein by Mr. Ben Webster and Mr. James Hearn, who take up their original parts, and by other clever players, including Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Lennox Pawle, Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, Miss Marie Löhr, and Miss Rosina Filippi. There is real beauty in some of Mr. Shaw's poetic images, and his power of satire never fails him throughout.

E. C. S.

THE HIPPODROME

The Tomson Mystery

Somehow or other one does not associate mystery with such a name as Tomson. The association, however, is now complete at the Hippodrome, where Mrs. Tomson, after being searched by a ladies' committee, produces "materialisations," such as pigeons, bouquets, and diaphanous draperies in which she dances, when incarcerated in a cabinet previously examined by the audience. The impressionable may care to put it down to Spiritualism, but whether this be so or not it is very clever trickery, and as such should command as much, if not more, respect than the other.

The Gaiety's Latest "Girl"

BY NORMAN MORROW

Random Jottings

Mrs. Carrie Nation declares that every man with a cigarette in his mouth is committing suicide. Had she said "German cigar" we should be with her wholeheartedly.

* * *

At noon the other day the sun's disc came into view for a few minutes, visible at Greenwich. Excellent photographs of this interesting constellation were obtained and filed for reference.

* * *

"She was of great ability, understanding all about promissory notes, I.O.U.'s, bills, etc.," said counsel for a prisoner at the London Sessions. Possibly. And yet we have known people quite stupid at business who were familiar with them all!

* * *

Enterprise will tell. A fuel company gets ahead of its competitors and warns us to "Prepare for the Winter." We fancied we felt a touch of approaching frost somehow certain days last week.

* * *

Women are really usurping men's privileges too much! According to the *Daily Mail*, Lady William Cecil is "the wife of a son of the third Marquis of Exeter and uncle of the present Peer."

There is a craving for change nowadays, says a Society leader. Especially among restaurant waiters.

* * *

Twelve of the unemployed have fallen into a backyard on the Embankment by accidentally pushing over a stone wall with their elbows (name of the builder not stated). We are told that several "saved themselves by inches." Others were injured by the yard.

* * *

Giving away the paper pattern of a child's pelisse is out of date in modern journalism. *Home Notes* tells us it "contains fashions, cookery . . . home furnishing," etc. Give us the paper which presents a bedroom suite or a leg of mutton as a supplement with each issue.

* * *

WHO'S WHO?—"Whitaker's Almanack" shows a want of taste in referring to the anniversaries of the deaths of James Watt (steam engine), Sir W. Cooke (electric telegraph), Admiral Fitzroy (barometer), Lionel Lukin (lifeboat), and Samuel Colt (revolver). As to the last, we have heard people addressed as the "son of a gun," but the other terms seem silly and offensive. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum!*

LAWSON WOOD'S WEATHER FORECASTS—NO. II.

VERY WET—SEVERE COLD TO FOLLOW

BY LAWSON WOOD

Resourcefulness, Indeed!

Lady *(collecting for rummage sale)*: "But what do you do with your old clothes?"

Busy Artist (*bluntly*): "Wear 'em!"

BY THORPE

"THE DAILY DISCLOSER"

AND LOOKER ON

A New Paper dealing only with the future!

NEWS SOONER THAN IMMEDIATELY!

On sale to-morrow, first number of the *Daily Discloser*, the most extraordinary achievement of modern journalism.

Publishes full accounts of everything which will happen within the next year! Contains actual photographs of all the principal events of the following twelve months! Look out for its yellow cover!

This seeming impossibility has been achieved by the enterprise of the *Daily Discloser*, ably seconded, not only by Providence, but by the latest triumphs of science. After months of toil, our specially engaged staff of astrologers, hypnotists, necromancers, telepathists, and clairvoyants, with the aid of the most recent instruments, have succeeded in accurately forecasting all events a year ahead. At the same time expert photographers have so far mastered the wireless proleptic telephoto apparatus (the exclusive invention of the *Daily Discloser*, and driven by esoteric psychometry at enormous pressure) that they can supply us with illustrations of the same incident in minute detail.

For Sportsmen, Aeroplanists, and "Competitionists"

Sportsmen! Read our Racing Forecasts, by "Dead Cert." (save your money ten times over). Results of next season's Test Matches. Full report of defeat of Johnson in the heavy-weight championship, with blood-curdling snapshots. Wrestling — vivid! Pop-in-Taw Tawrnament—tournament, we should say —palpitates with interest; view of the 1910 hundred guinea cup, and winner.

See our Aeroplane Absent-and-Missing Column for ensuing year. Invaluable to aeroplanists (and their friends). Note.—Wills drawn up by our legal adviser at from 6*s.* 8*d.*

Competition Column! Gives answers to all current competitions—anagrams, triolets, limericks, football results, puzzles, acrostics, etc. Will be read by every single lady in boarding-houses. A gold mine to newspaper readers!

Parliamentary News in Advance!

Cabinet Ministers and other politicians will refer with feverish interest to the predictions published each morning by our Parliamentary lobbyist, "En Avant." Illustrations of the demolition of the House of Lords and Coronation of first Socialist Emperor. Figures of the next General Election and portraits of defeated candidates. Refined! Amusing!

"Lady Clairvoyante" will deal exhaustively with the fashions of the succeeding year. Photos of the Misses Dare in microscopic hats and wide dresses. Up to date—only more so! Ladies, lay in your gowns for 1911! Do it now!

A strong feature will be our Catastrophe Corner, conducted by Mahatma. Floods, earthquakes, railway and steamship accidents (companies which advertise largely can have their accidents omitted by arrangement), cold snaps, hot waves, fires. Motoring will be dealt with under this heading, also hockey, children's parties, and Suffragette meetings.

The Drama. The City. The Police Courts

The Theatrical Notes by "Frost" will supply the failures of the next two seasons, and will, it is calculated, save dramatic authors millions of reams of paper. Portraits of theatrical celebrities at "Present Day," "Next Year," and "The Year after Next."

Don't buy worthless shares. Read our City Chatter by "In the Know." Future prices. Speculators may find our reproductions of coming bankruptcy notices very useful.

Our advance Police Court notices will ensure us a large circulation among the criminal classes. We already number various outside brokers among our subscribers.

Answers to Correspondents. (By Gazeeka)

"STATESMAN."—(1) No earthly. (2) 11,000 majority; better not contest the constituency.

"SWEET SEVENTEEN."—Your third engagement will occur on December 21. In the Foreign Office, nice-looking, but an imbecile; £400 a year.

"BILL SIKES."—(1) Four years' penal servitude. Better leave at once for Central Asia. (2) The cat. (3) Glad you like the paper.

"RATEPAYER."—Hardly like to give your future—too awful! Carey Street is close to Fleet Street, a fine old thoroughfare full of interesting historical associations.

Buy the "DAILY DISCLOSER"—out to-morrow!
If you see it in the "DISCLOSER" it WILL be so!

ON SEEING HER IN A QUEUE

Sweetest lady, far be it from me to attempt
To belittle your pet recreation;
You are so high above me that you are exempt
For my slightest advice or dictation.
But I'm bound to explain that I can't understand,
Your mania for going to first nights,
Which, so far as regards both the players and band,
Are the worst of our plays' very worst nights.

Please excuse me inclining to think you are mad
Thus to face the assaults of the weather;
That the play may turn out to be hopelessly bad
You appear to ignore altogether.
You are placidly taking the chance of a chill
And a dose of bronchitis thereafter,
Just to see what, next day, may go out of the bill,
Amid screams of contemptuous laughter.

But although these absurd goings-on more or less
Of incipient lunacy savour,
Yet I honestly find myself forced to confess
There's one thing to be said in your favour.
Though to me 'tis a mystery how you enjoy
This adventure, my heart gladly knows you're
Much too nice to employ a small messenger-boy
To submit to this killing exposure.

You're not making an urchin at ninepence an hour
Run the risk of some dangerous ailment,
Just in order that soon it may lie in your pow'r
To indulge in an evening's regalement:
So I feel that I freely can pardon your pranks,
While their weight on your own back reposes,
And you don't add one more to the shivering ranks
Of those poor little chaps with blue noses.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

Continental Chat

Berlin as the King Will See It: An Unfamiliar Aspect of the City, as Viewed from the Royal Castle
This view of the Castle Square, which the windows of the apartments to be used by the King during his visit overlook, will afford his Majesty by no means an imposing sight. The Royal palace is set in the midst, almost, of quite humble buildings, such as cheap cafés and shops

BERLIN AND BERLINERS AS KING EDWARD WILL FIND THEM

A Contrast in Kings

Whether the new field of cloth of gold, on which the two greatest Sovereigns in the world are to embrace before the admiring eyes of their subjects, will start a new era of peace and love between the two greatest rivals for supremacy upon earth, or produce any tremendous results whatever, nobody can exactly foresee. It is a topic I leave to the wise men of the daily Press. What strikes me is the psychological interest of this meeting of two remarkable men, who stand out in antithesis to each other as if they had been created by Providence to be examples of the law of contrast in almost every respect. If the King is famous for his tact, the Emperor has had the misfortune to acquire a reputation for indiscretion. If the one is light-hearted in his pleasures and serious in his work, the other takes his pleasures seriously and his work—well—with anything but a heavy heart.

The Kaiser is Born

By the way, our photographs of the King's Royal host in Berlin as a baby, and many years later as a lieutenant in the Prussian Army, remind one of the divinity that doth hedge a King, for certainly his future Majesty came into the world with none of the best chances of staying in it long.

As a Baby, With His Mother

TWO INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE KAISER'S YOUTH

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*
Almost Grown Up, As a Lieutenant

"'Is It a Fine Boy?'—Victoria"

So ran the telegram sent by Queen Victoria twenty-four hours after the birth of the Prince and Princess Frederick William's eldest son in January, 1859. Posterity has answered the question—how?

Berlin Society

Berlin Society is almost as much in a state of crisis and transition as the Constitution. Till a few years ago it was the most frumpy and exclusive Society in Europe, a grotesque mixture of pedigree and piety and ill-fitting gowns, and Berlin was dubbed provincial by everyone who visited it. Its Court balls are still dull enough, but once they were ten times duller. Court dinners reminded one of landlords' banquets to their tenants. The Imperial "chestnuts" had to be enjoyed as if they had sprung from the ready wit of a Parisian boulevardier. People ate too much and drank too much, and women went in for "reform" dress to meet the requirements of their physical stodginess. Well! the Kaiser may have his faults, but he also has his virtues. He cannot enjoy the pleasure of high thinking accompanied by utter disregard of charms to the eye. He likes pretty and well-dressed women, and—shall I say it?—he loves to make them blush! But, if his subjects are reforming him now, he is

Berlin as the King Will Not See It

reforming Berlin Society. He first began by paying special attention to the American women he met, and made no secret of admiring their toilettes. Then he admitted within the sacred circle some of the handsome *parvenues* of his own nation, and he wound up by shocking all the frumps in Germany for allowing a be-diamonded but splendid Jewess a seat at the Royal table.

The Jewish Influence

And now Berlin Society is becoming almost as cosmopolitan as our own, and Jew and Gentile are equally welcome—if, indeed, the Jew is not the more prominent of the two, as he is in London. Among those who do the honours of the German capital there are several Jewish families, like the Fürstenbergs, the Leydens, the Felix Simons, whose houses are open to, and frequented by, the greatest people in the land. But I am forgetting the Friedländers (I beg their pardon, the von Friedländers, for they have just been ennobled), whose fêtes, patronised by the Imperial Chancellor and his Princess, are one of the features of German Society. The influence of the Jewish element has been enormous. Its example has forced territorial magnates not only to open their houses to intellect, art, and music, but they have had to spend money to hold their own in the competition for Imperial patronage and general social recognition. Some of these old families, it must be said, perform their social functions in grand old fashion. There is the Princess von Buelow herself, still full of personal charm and the intellectual head of Berlin womankind—but she was a daughter of the great Italian, Minghetta. Then there is the Varnbüler von und zu Hemmingen family, but the lady, by the way, is of humble origin —her father was a fisherman somewhere in Russia. Her first husband brought her to Berlin, and there she at once took her place as the handsomest woman in the capital.

To Meet the King

But I *must* remember a few real Germans whom the King will meet. There is, first of all, the Countess von Brockdorff, the Empress's Mistress of the Ceremonies, the Imperial Lady Chamberlain, who every Wednesday sits in State to receive callers on behalf of her Imperial mistress. Presentation to her precedes presentation at Court. She rules supreme among the great Court ladies. Then there are the von der Grobens, the Harrachs, the von Siemens, the von Schlippenbachs. King Edward will be entertained by several of these, and he will certainly make the acquaintance, if he has not already done so, of Count von und zu Lerchenfeld-Köfering, who is the Warwick of Berlin Society, and can make or mar the progress of the aspirant to social glory in the capital.

Photo *E.N.A.*

Berlin as the King Will Not See It: The City Viewed from the Top of the Town Hall Tower

Where his Majesty is quite unlikely to climb! The large central building is the new cathedral, which bears a general resemblance to St. Paul's. It was consecrated in 1905, and contains a special Royal entrance and pew, and several treasures of art

Our Ambassador

Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador, has not yet had time to settle down to the peculiarities of Berlin Society, and promotion to Paris would probably be more to his liking than a long stay in the German capital. That, however, would not meet with the Kaiser's wishes, so, after all, Sir Edward may have plenty of time to become initiated into the mysteries of Berlin Society, and to learn how really to appreciate the Imperial jokes. Lady Goschen is expected to give a reception at the British Embassy in honour of the King.

Where King Edward Will Take German Tea

THE BERLIN RATHAUS, WHICH IS TO BE THE SCENE OF THE CIVIC "FIVE-O'CLOCK"

Photo *E. N. A.*

At Berlin's somewhat severe-looking Town Hall is to take place one of the most interesting functions of King Edward's German visit, for the time-honoured civic banquet is to give place to a nice informal five o'clock tea-party, at which King Edward and Councillors will meet in genial and friendly mood, and the danger of post-prandial speeches will be avoided. The Rathaus, situated in Konigstrasse was built forty years ago. The tower is just over three hundred feet high, and commands a fine view of the city

NOTES FROM THE RIVIERA

Monte Carlo.—

PRESENT: Prince Orloff, Princess Dhuleep Singh, Prince Frederick Dhuleep Singh, Lady Nicholson, Sir Lewis and Lady McIver, Lord Waleran, The Hon. Victor Bethell, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, Lord Robert Innes-Ker, Sir Henry and Lady Hill, Prince and Princess Batthyani-Strattman, Lord and Lady Mar, Lord Armstrong, Lord Zouche, Lady Macgregor, Lady Feodorowna Bertie, Lord and Lady Rosslyn, Lady Catherine Somerset, Lady Alwyne Compton.

The Casino Too Attractive!

The chief topic is the quarrel between the Monegasques and M. Blanc. The tradespeople complain that they cannot get their prices for their goods owing to the earlier opening of the Casino drawing off customers, who, naturally, prefer to spend their money at the tables to squandering it at the enormously expensive shops. This is a first-rate case of cutting off your nose to spite your face. The Casino too attractive! As if the attractiveness thereof were not the magnet which draws Europe to the South! The more popular the Casino, the larger the influx of visitors, by which the tradesmen are, of course, the gainers. Among interesting punters is Mrs. MacAdam, who is to be seen regularly at the roulette tables backing her favourite numbers, and occasionally bringing off fine *coups*. Lord Rosslyn and his new lady are here, but, at the time of writing, the former has not yet attacked the Casino.

A Little Aeroplane Difficulty

To turn to the aeroplane contests, a difficulty has arisen with regard to the landing. Should there be a mishap, the aeroplanists will have no choice but between the sea and the side of a mountain. A possible space has, however, been found in Monaco Harbour, and workmen are doing their best, so that nothing may possibly prevent the holding there of this very important and exciting event. Generally speaking, life is running its normal course. The Hotel de Paris and Ciro's are crowded nightly.

Nice

The races, just finished, had record attendances. The stands and enclosures were crowded each day; the toilettes worn were conspicuous by their charming simplicity; in fact, there was scarcely anything else but the tailor-made costume in its various forms. Frenchwomen have to thank their English sisters for this useful and up-to-date garb; it is only a few years since the English coat and skirt were looked upon by a Frenchwoman as horrors, but to-day they reign supreme. The Jetée Promenade has been luring a large number of visitors, and some very high gambling has been taking place there as well as at the Casino Municipal. At the latter place, Mr. J. Hennessey has been keeping open banks and winning well. Lady Gosford has arrived to stay with her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, who has taken a villa. La Belle Otero is the latest arrival, and her jewels, more beautiful than ever, create a sensation wherever she goes.

Cannes

Polo matches here have been arranged to take place four days a week until the end of March, and among others who have joined the Club lately are the Duke of Westminster, Lord Wodehouse, Captain C. de Crespigny, Prince J. Ghika, the Comte de Gramont, Sir Clifford Cory, Prince L. Radziwill, Baron R. de Rothschild, and the Duc de Guiche. The club-house, which has been greatly improved since last year, is now a popular place for tea, and among others to be seen there have been Princess Ghika, Countess Szechenyi, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Prince Louis d'Orleans Bragance, and the Duc de Calabre. Another improvement greatly appreciated by the polo-players is the practice ground. The first match for the Permanent Challenge Cup was won by Captain Miller's team. The tennis courts are always full, and a very interesting match is to take place between two teams representing the

Photo] **The Opening of the Cannes Polo Season: Getting into Form** [*Park*

There will be polo matches at Cannes on four days a week till the end of March, and the Club has recently received some prominent new members, including the Duke of Westminster. The club-house is a very popular venue for afternoon tea

Photo *Giletta*

A Landmark of Nice: The Yacht-Crowned Rock near the Port

This quaint erection stands like a guard on a rock by the Réserve, a restaurant famous for Bouillabaisse. It is a part of the building itself, and gives it quite a marine aspect. The Bouillabaisse is served "on board"

Cannes and Nice Lawn Tennis Clubs. Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn (Miss Edna May) is frequently to be seen on the courts, where she is being taught by Tom Fleming, while at golf she is taking lessons from Arnaud Massy. After the races, which take place here next week, the course is to be cleared in preparation for the aviators, who are expected within a few days.

Mentone

There is great rejoicing among the residents over the fact that enough land at Sospel has been acquired by a syndicate to make what should prove a very good golf links. Heretofore, even the most ardent golfer found the distance to Cagnes too far, and, consequently, had to confine his attention to croquet or lawn tennis. The Anglo-American Club is flourishing, and the weekly dinner is always largely attended. Sir Lewis McIver, the genial President, who met with an unfortunate accident, has now quite recovered, and took the chair the other night, when the following members were present: Mr. Smith-Ryland, Lord Waleran, M. de Bourbel, M. de Gurtabey, Mr. Harding, and Mr. Lee French. The Duke of Sutherland has arrived to superintend the completion of his villa at Menton Garavan. The Duchess is not expected until the end of March. The variety entertainment organised by Mrs. Smith Ryland was a great success, and the funds of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital, for which the entertainment was given, will benefit largely.

In Foliage Framed: A Peep at

Photo

A HEALTH RESORT WHICH IS ADDING THE AT

Mentone may be said to be now in a state of social transition, for while it is still rather a haven of rest and a health resort than a quieter Cannes, Nice, or Monte Carlo, it is, nevertheless, a far livelier and gayer place than it used to be when it was regarded chiefly as "the flowery cemetery of aristocratic Europe." Doubtless, too, the charming town will grow in popularity when the new golf links a w'th Mentone by a tramway—are open, and already in formation. There is another poss which has been somewhat overlooked. As

ntone, the Beauty of the Riviera

Giletta

ACTION OF SPORT TO ITS NATURAL DELIGHTS

spel, only a few miles away—to be connected to attract players next year. A golf club is factor in the future development of Mentone ntre for exploring the little-known Maritime Alps, the town is all that can be desired, and mountain climbing in glorious scenery may yet be one of the attractions which will draw visitors to this favoured Rivieran spot. The view of the town from the sea is one of the most beautiful on all this beautiful coast.

The Côte D'Azur by Land and Sea

DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF VERY DIFFERENT PLACES

CANNES: The Boulevard de la Croisette on a Very Sunny Day

Cannes is now in the full tide of the season, and polo, lawn tennis, and golf go very agreeably with afternoon tea, while the promenades attract strollers at all hours

Photos *Giletta*

MENTONE: A View of the Plage and Hills across the Foamy Breakers

The new golf course, soon to be constructed at Sospel, and Mrs. Ryland-Smith's variety entertainment in aid of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital are the most recent topics of interest at Mentone, while the Anglo-American Club is exceedingly flourishing

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories

R. I. P.

A COMEDY WITH A FINAL TEAR

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

"ALL new sensations have failed me —even death."

The old lady, who was throned on the breast of the great state bed, beat impatient fingers up and down on the crimson coverlet as she spoke.

"We are delighted to find you so much better, Mrs. Chandler."

The wispy little specialist rubbed his hands, that were like two dry leaves, harshly together in a species of autumn sacrament, and gave a cheerless winter smile. The old lady glared at him from beneath her white wig.

"Rubbish!" she snapped. "You and your brother quacks in London consider me and my ailments a professional gold mine, and are only too delighted to find I am still alive to be worked."

Dr. Peters turned his eyes hastily towards the frescoed ceiling and played with his watch-chain.

"But really, Mrs. Chandler, quite apart from my professional capacity, I have the greatest possible personal regard for you and your welfare."

Mrs. Chandler switched a pair of intensely blue and fierce optics in his direction.

"In fact, you would do anything for me," she growled.

"Certainly, certainly," chirruped little Dr. Peters, gazing abstractedly out of the window, where the traffic of the London street was passing in noiseless pantomime.

The old lady leaned a little forward from the embrace of the lavender-scented pillows, and spoke with more than usual determination.

"Very well, then, I want to die this afternoon." She sank back smiling among the pillows, turning the rings on her fragile, delicate hands round and round, while she watched the shocked face of the doctor with evident enjoyment.

"But, Mrs. Chandler—murder—suicide!" he gasped, roused from his usual callousness and urbanity.

"Not really, you stupid—only pretend."

Dr. Peters emitted a little hissing breath of relief, and sat down weakly by the side of the bed. Mrs. Chandler's smile was almost youthful as she proceeded.

"You see, I really have been very ill indeed."

Here the Doctor nodded emphatically, and took a mental inventory of the medicine bottles on a side table.

"And they all expected me to go out like a candle, very much like my poor dear husband did thirty years ago."

The Doctor nodded again, and Mrs. Chandler took a sip of champagne, setting down the glass with a steady hand.

"To all intents and purposes, I shall depart this life, and you will have the notices put in the papers, and all the ghastly wreaths shall be sent up here to me, and cuttings from the Society columns, and——" she paused breathlessly to watch the excited promenade of Dr. Peters, who paced the room, wild-eyed and scarlet in the face.

"I won't be party to such an escapade, Madam," he stuttered. "I refuse to link my name with unprofessional outbreaks of foolery. It's utter madness." His voice died away from sheer incapacity to proceed further.

Mrs. Chandler smiled. When she did smile, even though she was well over seventy and wore a white wig, it was quite easy to understand why Billy Chandler laid his heart and millions at her feet in the days gone by.

"Peters, don't be a fool!"

Mrs. Chandler had the way of saying the most insulting things and making them seem veritable compliments. The little Doctor flounced from the window and came over to her.

"You never suggest anything without having thought it all out beforehand," he snapped. She smiled again, this time with the complacence of a victory won.

"You can leave for Egypt to-morrow, Dr. Peters."

The Doctor's hard little eyes glistened, and he unwittingly rubbed his hands together.

"Mummies and scarabs," she went on, "will keep you out of the way of the world till the affair blows over, and, of course, I would retain your valued services at your own figure."

Dr. Peters bowed very low, thus intimating to Mrs. Chandler that the said figure would be correspondingly high.

"My gad-about nephew, the only thing I care a scrap about, is yachting in the South Seas, and quite beyond the reach of gossip or telegrams; my servants would all die for me, and, therefore, will have no compunction in pretending that I am dead; I refused to have a nurse ever since I've been ill; and as you had a consultation with no other doctor about my condition (which, by the way, I think was rather selfish of you), there is nobody at all to fear, bribe, or mistrust."

"When would you wish to die, Mrs. Chandler?" Dr. Peters faltered over the words.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

(*Continued on page 238*)

(*Continued from page 237*)

"At once," she answered, promptly; "the sooner an old woman's folly begins the more amusement she has out of it. I want all the letters of sympathy, which will, of course, be addressed to my nephew Gerald, sent up here to me. People couldn't very well write me and say they were sorry to hear I was dead, could they?"

Dr. Peters tittered behind his hand, then his professional frown came into play.

"You are talking a great deal too much," he said, sternly.

"My dear man," responded Mrs. Chandler, with an affectionate shake of her white wig towards him, "till I get all this matter arranged, I shall be restless. Send me the servants."

Dr. Peters blotted himself out of the room like a shadow, and Mrs. Chandler sipped her champagne and talked out into the silence.

"I suppose I may now consider myself dead." She dragged a little gold mirror from under the pillows and surveyed herself critically. "I do look nice," she said softly, with a youthful sigh of coquettish content.

"And after all, what is there left for me to do but die? I am sick of driving, weary of the opera, bored with all the books I read and all the people I see—I should like to know what they really do think of me out in the world, and this is the only way I shall ever find out."

Following a low knock at the door, the line of servants wound itself into the room and stood in a reverent half circle around the bed. The cook was sniffing drearily, and the upper housemaid showed signs of recent tears, while Brent, the butler, held a handkerchief to his eyes. The lady in bed stared at them all, one after the other, and chuckled joyfully. The line of domestics swayed as in a wind. Cook gave a gulp and whispered audibly to the upper housemaid:

"They often goes on like that when they're just a-goin' off. I had an aunt that done it."

"Now, I want you all to attend to me."

The voice from the state bedstead was firm and determined, full of the set purpose of this world and minus the shadowy stillness of the next.

"I'm not really dying at all."

The cook broke out again into half stifled whispers:

"It's a wicked thing as how they don't tell her that her end's a-comin'."

"Our lady is not long for this world," the butler said, in sepulchral tones.

"You're nothing but a pack of whispering fools." Mrs. Chandler sat hastily up in bed, her wig crooked with suppressed emotion and her eyes glaring condemnation at them all.

"I'm only pretending to die, you sillies; and if any one of you breathes a word outside the house about it, I'll discharge you all—yes, every single one of you, without characters."

They filed slowly out of the room, bereft of speech, each one staring fearfully into the dusk of the state bed as he or she went by. When the door was closed, Mrs. Chandler lay back among the pillows and nearly died—of laughter.

. . . . .

Mrs. Chandler was sipping her morning tea, and the clock on the mantelpiece had just beaten off ten little pert strokes of sound. A cap of white lace sat triumphantly on her white wig, and she herself sat complacent, smiling and youthful, between the gilded pillars of the state bed. Perkins, her maid, had just deposited an armful of morning journals on the red satin coverlet, and was standing waiting to remove the breakfast-tray.

"Perkins," demanded Mrs. Chandler, as she scooped the sugar from the bottom of her cup with childish delight, "Perkins, have you marked all the notices?"

Perkins, who, despite her disapproval of almost everything her mistress said and did, remained her devoted slave, gave vent to a sniffing, "Yes, mum."

"And, Perkins, were they all nice?"

"Not all, mum."

"Then give them to me quickly."

Mrs. Chandler gathered the morning papers into her arms, like a nursery of white children.

"Now, Perkins, leave me. I think I had better be left alone, as I'm going to find out what the world really thinks of me"

Perkins closed the door with another negative sniff, and silence sank mask-like over the room. The papers rustled into action. Then Mrs. Chandler began to read aloud.

"We regret to announce the death of Mrs. William Chandler, which took place yesterday at her residence, 94, Park Lane." ("Liar," whispered that lady under her breath.) "For half a century she has been a well-known leader in Society, although of late years she entertained but little. Her manner, though somewhat harsh and outspoken"—("Oh, indeed!" tittered Mrs. William Chandler, of Park Lane)—"hid a really kind, sympathetic heart, and her loss will be sincerely mourned by the host of her friends."

She put down the paper and stared out over the tops of her glasses."

"That's a specimen of editorial generosity," she snapped; "after subscribing to that paper for forty solid years, that is what I get now I am dead—harsh and outspoken, am I?"

She dropped the offending journal over the edge of the bed and folded her white, slender hands complacently.

"They have left my reputation alone, but they certainly have made rags of my manners. It never struck me till now that I ever was hard about anything or harsh to anybody. I suppose I am bound to learn a lot about myself now that I am dead. But as for my heart being kind and all the rest of it, why I've known that for years and years."

She picked up the next paper with a sigh, and turned its pages slowly, looking for the marked paragraph.

"This begins better, at any rate," she said, leaning a little forward between the crimson curtains. "This paper was always kind to me, even when I was young and foolish enough to be happy."

"Once again we are called upon to mourn the loss of a delightful personage, whose charms were those of the old school and whose beauty might have only been portrayed by a Reynolds or a Gainsborough. Mrs. William Chandler is dead, and she leaves a vacancy in Society that it will be impossible to fill. There has always been only one Mrs. Chandler in London, and her death must cause the heart-strings of many an

(*Continued on page 240*)

Unconventionality Itself

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF LADY CONSTANCE STEWART RICHARDSON

Photo] A PICTURESQUE PORTRAIT STUDY OF A STRENUOUS SPORTSWOMAN *[Lallie Charles*

Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, the daughter of the late Earl of Cromartie, is as well known for her prowess in the saddle, with the gun in Somaliland, and climbing mountains in far-away quarters of the earth, as she is as a fascinating and versatile member of Society. Unconventional in all things, her runaway motor wedding with Sir Edwin Stewart Richardson, of the Black Watch, five years ago, created a mild Scotch sensation. She was recently in New York for the Granard wedding, and contemplates another expedition in Somaliland

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(*Continued from page 240*)

far-off seas. He is fond of me, really. If I had ever had a son, I'd have liked one just like him. But the rest of them that will come, simply racing and falling over themselves to get here this afternoon to see what's been left to them—well, I hate 'em all, and won't leave 'em a penny."

She lay there in the vast loneliness of the state bed thinking about them.

"Not one of them to even so much as come and look at me when they thought I was dead. They'd have sent their empty carriages to my funeral, and have played bridge in their back rooms all the time I was being buried."

Two great, sad, forsaken tears trickled down her wrinkled cheeks, and dropped to the white faces of the pillows.

"But that little Miss Trewlett was nice to send those flowers. Perhaps, after all, I haven't been so hard-mannered and harsh as that paper said I was. Even it added that I had a kind heart."

She dozed nearly all the morning, but roused herself and demanded that Miss Trewlett's cross should be brought from the music-room, and placed where she could see it. At two o'clock she sat up suddenly and asked to be dressed.

"Perkins, I want to look my very best, for this is the last time I'll see any of these harpies of relations. I'm going somewhere abroad, and I intend to get hold of that dear, good nephew of mine and make him come with me."

Perkins dressed her slowly and painfully in her grey silk, crowned her with the best white wig, and led her to the mirror. She leaned more heavily than usual on her ebony cane, and her step was slow and halting.

"It's all this lying up in bed," she said, peevishly, but when she saw the reflection in the mirror she smiled again.

"Perkins, I simply do not look my age, and there's no use saying I do." She tilted her head from side to side like a happy bird, and shook out the cloudy softness of her skirts. "And now give me that cross which that dear, good-hearted Miss Trewlett sent, and I'm ready to go down."

She had given strictest orders that no one was to be allowed into the music-room till four o'clock.

They were to wait in the blue drawing-room till that hour, and on the stroke of four the doors of the music-room were to be thrown open. She scorned Perkins's assistance down the long, stately length of the stairs, and reached the music-room, breathless but triumphant. The wreaths and sprays were piled white and glistening at the far end. She paused for a moment and looked at them.

"I'm glad I know exactly what my funeral flowers would have been like if I had really died," she said softly, then closed the doors of the music-room and walked slowly down towards the piled-up blossoms.

. . . . . .

As the last stroke of four faded away, they all crowded in from the blue drawing-room, discreet, silent, and dressed in deep mourning.

At the far end they saw the piled-up flowers, the massive anchor of Lord Keith's blighted hopes, the hectic orchids and mauve ribbons of Mrs. Joseph Lanchaster, and they also saw the grey satin figure of Mrs. Chandler lying very, very still, with little Miss Trewlett's cross upon her breast.

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

A Fearsome Bogslide in Ireland: A Striking Photograph of the On-creeping Black Tide

Of more serious consequence than the landslide in Sheppey, pictured on the opposite page, is the bogslide at Kilmore, Co. Galway, where some hundreds of acres of tillage land have been covered by this irresistible muddy river, which engulfs all that comes in its way. In some parts cottages have been almost entirely submerged, and an old woman has lost her life, but the authorities are making every effort by extensive draining operations to stop the onflow

A Little Landslip in Kent

WHERE THE SEA IS GRADUALLY SWALLOWING UP THE LAND

Photo *Topical Agency*

A GULLY MADE BY A RECENT LANDSLIDE AT WARDEN, IN THE ISLE OF SHEPPEY

That the Isle of Sheppey is slowly but surely being eaten away by the sea was again demonstrated by a landslip a few days ago, when some hundreds of tons of cliff and soil slowly but irresistibly slid down into the sea. Minster Church, which was originally in the centre of the island, is now right on the coast, and a case is recorded of a gradual slide, some years ago, when a field of sown corn which began to slide seawards in the spring had time to grow and finally be harvested before it was swallowed up

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Hungary of To-day." Edited by Percy Alden, M.P. (Eveleigh Nash: 7s. 6d. net.)
"Septimus." By W. J. Locke. (Murray: 6s.)
"Petticoat Pilgrims on Trek." By Mrs. Fred Maturin. (Eveleigh Nash: 7s. 6d. net.)

A Book About Hungary

Hungary of To-day is the title of a book which really ought to be read by everybody. It is published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, and (apart from its letterpress, to which I shall refer later) it is illustrated by some superb and unfamiliar photographs of Budapest, which open one's eyes to the architectural splendours of that capital, and inspire a lively desire to inspect them at the earliest possible opportunity. The book itself is a "write-up" of Hungary in all its aspects—industrial, financial, political, intellectual, and artistic. The most important is the chapter on "The Hungarian Constitution," contributed by Count Albert Apponyi, which will bring home to the British people certain facts with regard to Hungary's position in Europe at present in great danger of being overlooked.

Count Albert Apponyi

The Hungarian Minister of Public Education, who contributes an important chapter on "The Hungarian Constitution" to "Hungary of To-day," edited by Percy Alden, M.P. (Eveleigh Nash: 7s. 6d. net) reviewed in the accompanying article

Hungary is Free!

Most Englishmen are disposed to think of Hungary as a sort of Ireland to Austria, a "disthressful counthry" which has given its "owner" much the same trouble as his Emerald jewel has given John Bull, only with somewhat more successful results. It is Count Albert Apponyi's task to dispel this fatal illusion. Hungary, he reminds us, is not a "turbulent province" of Austria, but an independent nation, which has "allied itself for certain purposes, and under certain conditions, to the equally independent and distinct Empire of Austria, by an act of Sovereign free will, without having ever abdicated the smallest particle of its Sovereignty as an independent nation." There is, says the Count, no "Austro-Hungarian Empire" at all; the two countries are only one inasmuch as they are ruled by the same person, who, in the two countries, has an absolutely distinct identity.

But Do We Realise It?

Now, all this is fact. But the importance of a fact lies in the degree of its realisation. Hungary may be, in her own eyes, a distinct nation, but if she is not distinct in the eyes of the outer world, of what avail is it? There is no doubt whatever that nine Englishmen out of every ten do think that Hungary is subordinate to Austria. In the late Balkan crisis it was always Austria which was named and blamed by us. It never occurred to anybody to suspect that Hungary had any share in the transaction at all, whereas, of course, she was, of necessity, a party to everything that was done. Since 1867, Count Apponyi reminds us, Hungary has, through the famous Compromise, agreed to share her Foreign Minister with Austria. Has the result of this not been to deprive Hungary of her individual influence in the Councils of Europe? Austria makes a bad mask for Hungary. While, to Englishmen, Hungary suggests vigorous individuality, patriotism, enthusiasm, poetry, and wild, impassioned music, Austria conveys only the suggestion of mediævalism, Jesuitism, intrigue. The knowledge that Austria has done a certain thing, even though she has done it with Hungary's consent, arouses feelings which would never awaken if Hungary were acting in her own name. This is a very deep and complicated question, but it is one which Hungary will have to settle sooner or later. If she is an independent nation, the world must know her in that guise, and the present arrangements with Austria prevent her being so known.

The White Knight in Actual Life

In *Septimus* (Murray: 6s.) Mr. W. J. Locke has done something really daring in a very delicate way. He introduces to us, as the chief character, an individual who is frankly impossible. Septimus is a dreamy young gentleman, of inventive tastes and erratic habits, with a turn for epigram. He leads a butterfly sort of life, and, while at Monte Carlo, falls quite naturally in love with Zora, the leading lady, who has gone thither in the course of a tour undertaken with the intention of escaping from mankind! The romance of the book

does not turn on Septimus himself, for Mr. Locke has provided for the heroine a lover in the shape of one Sypher, the patentee of a wonderful "cure." Septimus, however, is the *pièce de résistance*; his odd sayings and delightful fancies constitute the book's chief charm. The daring to which I referred consists in the adaptation of the "White Knight" to actual life. Most others, in attempting this task, would have translated the Knight into some sort of plausibility. Mr. Locke is content to give us, in Septimus, the White Knight himself, untouched by the vandalism of verisimilitude. I imagine Mr. Locke's book will bring forward a legion of imitations. Whimsicality is now not unlikely to be the vogue for a year or two, by which time, possibly, we shall have grown more serious, and be really appreciative of the intensities of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

A Woman's View of the Transvaal

An eminently pleasant book for *dilettante* and serious reading alike is Mrs. Fred Maturin's *Petticoat Pilgrims on Trek* (Eveleigh Nash: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Its one fault is its belated appearance, for, being a diary of a lady's adventures and privations in the Transvaal a year or two after the war, it should have been published quite five years ago, when it would have formed an excellent study of the latest addition to

A Fine View of the Houses of Parliament at Budapest

One of the many fine and unfamiliar photographs of the superb architecture of Budapest, illustrating Mr. Percy A'den, M.P.'s book on *Hungary of To-day*. Reproduced by permission of Eveleigh Nash, the publisher

"The Anti-Socialist"

I have received a copy of the *Anti-Socialist*, of which extensive advance notices have already appeared. The founder, Mr. Claude Lowther, has, I believe, the idea of making this journal a sort of "Anti-Jacobin" of modern journalism. He has quite a good chance of succeeding, for Socialism is, undoubtedly, likely to play much the same part in our immediate future as did Republicanism in the declining days of George the Third. It is one thing to have a good idea, and another thing to produce a newspaper which will attract in these crowded times. The fact that the *Anti-Socialist* is an "organ" (of the national movement against Socialism) seems to have weighed rather heavily upon the editorial staff, for the letterpress is set forth in a somewhat severe style. There is no possible doubt that Socialistic papers are wondrously attractive to read. If Mr. Lowther and his friends wish to combat Socialism, they must produce a paper at least as attractive, from the reader's standpoint, as, say, the *Clarion*, or *The New Age*, which, with all their extravagances, are of very excellent literary flavour. V. C.

our Empire, and the state of affairs in both town and country when the ordinary life was again being taken up. Even, however, as history a trifle stale, it is delightful reading, for there is a judicious admixture of fact and philosophy, and, one ventures to think, a little fiction. The narrator is an English lady whom the heavy hand of Fortune has forced to earn her own living, and her trials and tribulations bring us into contact with life both in the towns and far away on the veldt, where the Dutch farmers and their families live their lonely lives. As Sylvia, the social editor of the Johannesburg *Morning Sun*, as boarding-house proprietor, as secretary, and as an aspirant to the simple life, we meet her and her faithful henchwoman, Nellie, and cannot but feel personal regret when the latter gets married, and Sylvia returns to England.

By Field, Stream & Covert.

How Shall Damage Be Paid For?

For many years the question of compensation to farmers for the damage occasionally caused to their property by riders to hounds has been an exceedingly vexing one to those holding responsible positions in the hunting world. The modern custom is to settle claims for damage out of a special fund. In some cases, however, the Master himself takes the responsibility, and in others the necessary amount comes out of the general subscriptions. A few weeks ago Mr. J. C. Dun-Waters, the Master of the South Shropshire Hounds, rather startled his followers by telling them that he had formed a list of the people whom he had noticed riding over seeds and young grass. He said that he proposed to add the names of any others who offended in this direction, and when the farmers sent in their claims for compensation he should simply refer them to the persons on his black-list. I question whether Mr. Dun-Waters's threat was taken altogether seriously by the hunting world, as, however reasonable and fair his scheme may seem to be at first glance, there are obvious difficulties in regard to its working. I am sure, for instance, that the farmers themselves would not welcome this turn of affairs. Hitherto it has been sufficient for them to send in their claims either to the Hunt Secretary or to the Master, who can be relied upon to settle them in a friendly way. But if the farmer is to be referred to a member of the Hunt (who might very easily deny all responsibility in connection with the claim), I am afraid that a great deal of ill-feeling and resentment would be aroused, and probably the friendship of that particular farmer to hunting would be lost for ever.

An Interesting Irish Scheme

In a popular Irish country they have just decided upon a drastic plan for making careless riders pay for the damage they do. At a meeting of the Country Committee of the Kildare Hunt it was decided that every member of that Committee should report to the Chairman the name of any person found riding over new grass, sown land, or roots, or doing other unnecessary damage. It seems that when the Chairman of the Committee is informed of the facts he will tell the offender that he is expected to pay his share towards the amount of damage done. If the delinquent does not happen to be a member of the Kildare Hunt Club he is to be given the option of paying the same proportion as a member, or of abstaining for the future from hunting with those hounds. We see here an improvement upon Mr. Dun-Waters's scheme, because the farmers in Kildare will still make their claims to the Hunt, who will be responsible for the collection of the amount from the persons who had caused the trouble.

Photo *Dixon*

The Berkeley Hunt: The Pack at Hardwicke Court, Gloucestershire

The Hunt dates from 1613, when its country extended from the little village of Charing—the modern Charing Cross—to Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire! Every M.F.H. has belonged to the Berkeley family, one of the most famous Masters being Admiral Maurice Berkeley, who hunted the pack half a century ago. The present Master is Lord Fitz-Hardinge

After a Fine Gallop

Photo *Dixon*

MISS MARGARET DANSEY, A GREAT-NIECE OF LORD FITZ-HARDINGE, M.F.H.

And daughter of Col. E. M. Dansey, is an enthusiastic sportswoman and rider to hounds. She hunts regularly with the Berkeley Hounds during the season. The camera has obviously caught her after a hard ride over a bank and ditch country, and the splashes over the horse bespeak strenuous jumping

The Berkeley Hunt and its Master

A Big Field with the Berkeley Hounds

It will be very interesting to hunting people to follow this novel experiment, and if it should give satisfaction in Ireland, it will probably be adopted in several countries on this side. The carelessness with which some followers of hounds ride over other people's property is really appalling. Perhaps when they know that it will be compulsory for them to pay for the damage they do, they will be rather less callous about galloping over seeds and roots.

An Historic Hunt

There are few more historic hunts than that which is presided over by Lord Fitz-Hardinge. It dates its history as far back as 1613, and at one time its country extended from the village of Charing to Berkeley Castle, in Gloucestershire. When it is added that the village mentioned stood where Charing Cross, in London, now stands, it will be seen how wide was the district covered by Lord Fitz-Hardinge's earliest predecessors in the Mastership. Every M.F.H. has belonged to the Berkeley family, and the old custom of using a yellow collar for the dress of the Hunt servants has survived. Among the most famous Masters of the pack was Admiral Maurice Berkeley, who half a century ago showed splendid sport, and did everything in finest style. The Admiral was a particularly hard rider to the hounds, and made a high reputation in the Shires before he settled down at Berkeley Castle. Many of his old friends in the Navy used to hunt with him, and a story is told of the late Sir Harry Keppel. He was doing some coast-guard duty in a cutter round the coast of Dorset, and when at Weymouth was tempted to run over to the Berkeley country for a gallop with the hounds of his old shipmate. All might have gone well had not Sir Harry been mounted on rather a "handful" in the shape of a big black puller, which fairly got out of hand, came an ugly cropper at a fence, and broke his rider's collar-bone. This made it very awkward for Sir Harry, who was not so much dismayed by his injury as by the prospect of the row which it would involve him in with the Admiralty for being away from duty without leave.

Photos *Dixon*

Lord Fitz-Hardinge, the Master of the Berkeley

Lord Fitz-Hardinge did not take on the Mastership till he was in his sixty-seventh year, but has made a name for himself as a first-class M.F.H.

Lord Fitz-Hardinge

Curiously enough, the present Master of the Berkeley Hounds saw very little hunting for thirty years prior to succeeding his brother in the command of the pack in 1896-7. It is not often that a sportsman takes the Mastership of hounds in his sixty-seventh year, but Lord Fitz-Hardinge has all the keenness of the Berkeleys for fox-hunting, and makes light of his age in carrying out his duties with the pack. He is very keen upon maintaining the etiquette of the chase, and occasionally has had reason to complain of the unreasonable conduct of his field. On one occasion the followers were pressing hounds so severely that he had the pack stopped. A few minutes afterwards he explained what he had done, and what he intended to do the next time his huntsman and hounds were not given fair play. Thereupon he was thanked for explaining, because one half of the field did not know why hounds were stopped, and the other half were quite unaware that they had been stopped! Lord Fitz-Hardinge has made it thoroughly understood that he will not tolerate the scandalous over-riding which so much interferes with the work of the huntsman and hounds, and the result is that less trouble than with many packs is experienced from this cause with the Berkeley. A fine pack of sixty couples is kept at the Berkeley kennels, and they hunt regularly four days a week over an attractive bank and ditch country. The stiffest district is in the Vale of Severn, where the "rhines," wide and very deep, cause a great deal of trouble to all but the smartest horses and boldest riders. A. W. C.

GOLF

Municipal Golf at Bournemouth

In the early days of THE BYSTANDER I wrote an article strongly advocating the claims of municipal golf. I instanced the immense success which has attended the experiment at Edinburgh and Glasgow, whose splendid example had so far only been followed by the Bournemouth Corporation. I have now been able to see for myself how the Bournemouth Corporation carries out its enterprise. The Municipality is the fortunate possessor of two courses, one at Meyrick Park, close to the town, the other at Queen's Park, a couple of miles out in the direction of Boscombe. Both these parks were originally "Turbary Commons," which are commons on which the commoners have the right of taking turf or peat for fuel.

The Queen's Park Course

The Corporation was lucky in being able to secure the interests of the Lord of the Manor and of the Commoners on practically nominal terms. At Meyrick Park the capital cost of laying out the course was met by the sale of surplus land for building purposes, while at Queen's Park it was defrayed by borrowed money to the tune of some £3,000 or £4,000, and a similar amount was expended on the public golf pavilion. The Meyrick Park course was laid out in the 'nineties by Tom Dunn, and was for some years the only one possessed by Bournemouth. The tide of golf, however, flowed so strongly here that the City Fathers, with great wisdom, acquired Queen's Park, on which J. H. Taylor laid out a good, long course some three or four years ago.

Subscriptions and Expenses

There are in Bournemouth two private clubs, the Bournemouth Golf Club and the Meyrick and Queen's Park Golf Club, which pay to the Corporation a lump sum each year for the playing rights of their members over the two courses. This sum is composed of capitation fees at the rate of 21*s.* for men and 17*s.* 6*d.* for ladies and 5*s.* for non-playing members per annum.

Besides these sums, the Corporation charges to the ordinary public the sum of 1*s.* per round of eighteen holes, yearly season tickets costing £1 5*s.* for men and £1 1*s.* for ladies, or 15*s.* a month and 6*s.* a week for both sexes.

Rowland Jones, the Professional Captain

Press v. Professionals' Golf Match

In this contest at Bramshot last week, the team of Professionals, captained by Rowland Jones, defeated their opponents, captained by Mr. R. H. Bromley Read, by eight matches to four. A feature of the contest was the fine play of Rowland Jones in the Singles

Photos *Dixon*
Mr. R. H. Bromley Read, the Press Captain

The Management

The courses are managed by a Golf Sub-Committee of the Corporation Parks Committee, on which care is taken that there shall be golfers as well as non-golfers. The Committees of the two private clubs are consulted on matters of importance, and their suggestions are always readily listened to, but they are not represented as such. At Meyrick Park the Corporation employs one caddie master, one green-keeper, and five general labourers, while at Queen's Park there are one inspector, one caddie master, one green-keeper, and six general labourers. The estimated income and expenditure on the two courses for the year 1908-9 are: Meyrick Park—Receipts, £1,785; expenses, £1,220. Queen's Park—Receipts, £1,382; expenses, £1,745 (including £558 interest and redemption of loans).

No Point Overlooked

As I write I have before me a little book of regulations for the Corporation golf courses, a perusal of which has convinced me that no point has been overlooked which can conduce to the comfort and order of the game for club members and public alike. Starting times can be booked for a fee of 2*d.* on the day previously to play or on the day itself, every alternate number being

Getting Their Land Legs

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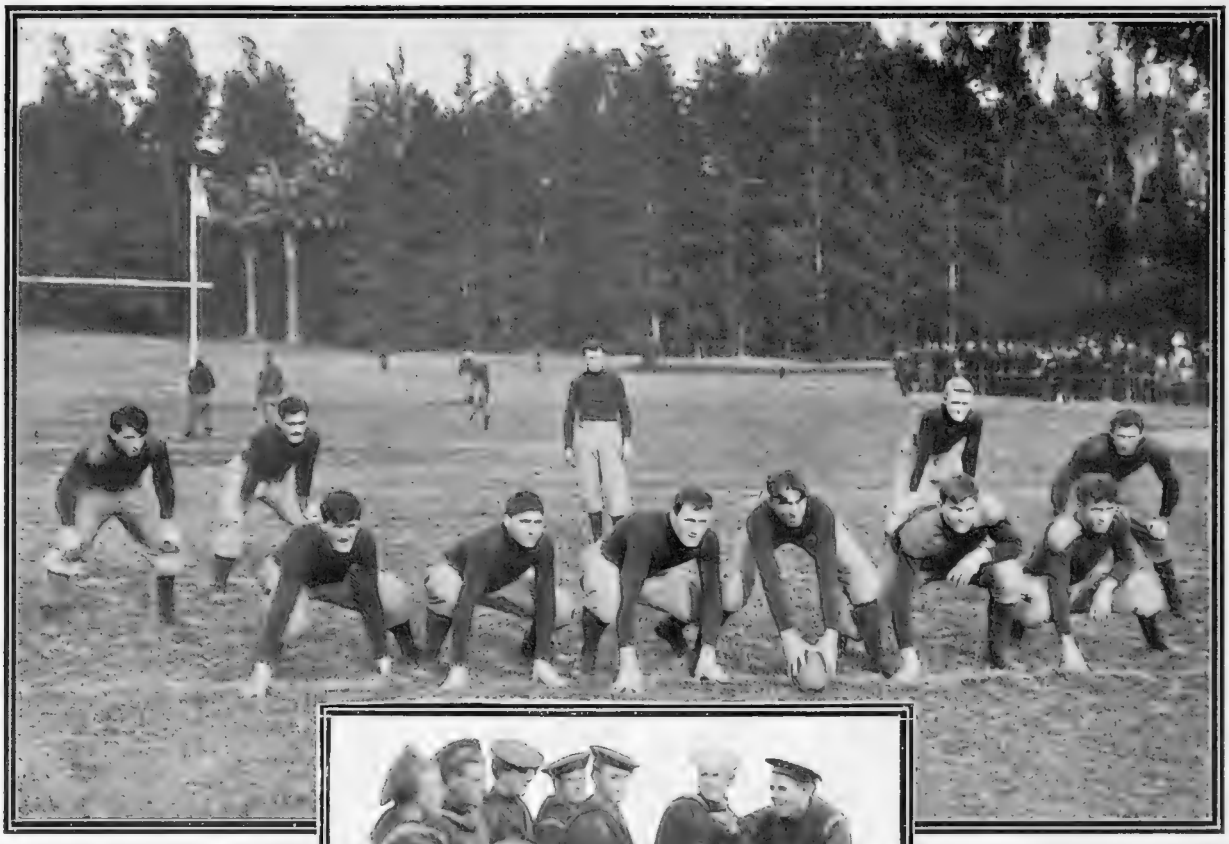
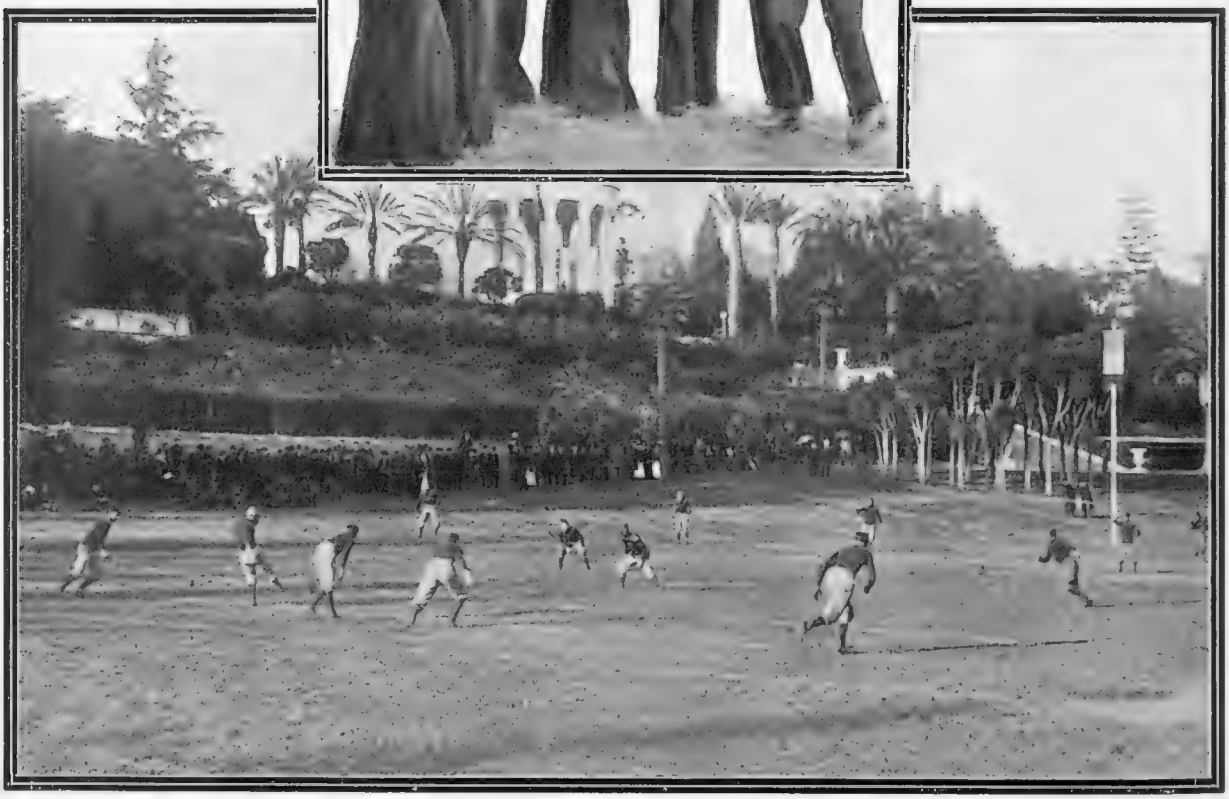


The Rival Teams, from the "Minnesota" and "Kansas," enter the Field at Parc Chambrun, Nice

"Pour exciter les joueurs on bat du Tambour!" (*From a French report*)



Photos *Tresca*

The Beginning of the Match, for which the Fete Committee at Nice gave a Cup

One of the chief recent events on the Riviera was the fêting of the American Fleet, which was anchored off Villefranche on the return from its world trip While invitations were crowded upon the officers of the Fleet from every side, the chief diversion for the men was the football match at the Parc Chambrun, Nice, when a team from the *Kansas* played a team from the *Minnesota* for a cup presented by the Fêtes Committee. The populace showed the liveliest interest in this genuine example of American football, seen for the first time in the South of France

kept vacant so as to leave starting times for those who have not booked. I have not played at Meyrick Park, which is a pretty and amusing little course, but I can speak from experience of the merits and popularity of the Queen's Park course. The question I want to ask is this: Why have so few Corporations in England followed Bournemouth's wise example? Scarborough has a Corporation course, and at last the London County Council is laying out a municipal course at Hainault Forest. If any Corporations want encouragement in this direction let them apply to the courteous Town Clerk, Mr. G. W. Bailey, to whom I am indebted for my information.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo *Bolak*

Racing on Skates at Christiania: Oscar Mathieh, the European Champion (on the left), in Full Career

At this Winter Sports meeting, Mathieh won three races, namely, the 500 metres in 46 sec., the 1,500 metres in 2 min. 27½ sec., and the 5,000 metres in 8 min. 49⅘ sec.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Comments on the Crisis

There has been a certain amount of official, and a very great deal of unofficial, correspondence and comment upon the political crisis in Rugby football since I first dealt with it a fortnight ago, and the nett result appears to be that Scotland's position is strengthened. The reply of the Emergency Committee of the Rugby Union to the Scottish Union's manifesto is (as might have been expected) of the non-committal order. All they seem to say is that as soon as the accounts showing that this payment was officially sanctioned by the Rugby Union were forthcoming they decided to issue their protest. But if they have made such a suggestion, the answer that it "is hardly worth replying to" is, of course, no answer at all. And then, unfortunately for the Rugby Union, comes the letter of Mr. Wray Palliser, the accredited representative of the New Zealand R.F.U. in London, who says that "the accounts of the New Zealand tour 1905-6, which were in the hands of Scotland's secretary in 1907, clearly showed . . . that there was no attempt at disguising the fact of an allowance being made." This enables Mr. Smith, the secretary of the Scottish Union, to reply (and repeat) that although these accounts were asked for in 1907 they were not forthcoming until exactly a year later.

"Broken Time"

Mr. Palliser also (no doubt quite involuntarily) strengthens Scotland's position when he says that members of Colonial teams visiting this country require to make great personal sacrifices by the necessity of *giving up their regular employment* for that purpose. If this is not a concise exposition of the doctrine of payment for broken time, what is it? Scotland's contention is that if a man wishes to play Rugby football he must be prepared to make sacrifices. If he cannot afford the loss of time and money involved in an extended tour he must stay at home, since it is contrary to the principles of pure amateurism that he should be compensated, in however small a degree, for giving up time, which would otherwise be devoted to business, to the game. This may seem a hardship from one point of view, but it must be remembered that there are amateurs in every game who cannot play *as amateurs* because they cannot afford it, and who either do not play at all or play under such conditions that they are not really amateurs in the strict sense of the term. And Rugby football, of all games, is the one that must be protected from pseudo-amateurism at all costs.

RACING NOTIONS

THE SPRING HANDICAPS. By CARBINE

How the Weights Come Out

Nothing could have been more miserable for racegoers than the unfavourable conditions prevailing last week, and the enforced abandonment of Newbury and Kempton, meetings that gave high promise of tip-top sport, was lamentable. Happily, the publication of the weights for the spring handicaps has provided a break in the monotony of bad weather, and given us plenty to talk about. To-day the acceptances for the various events will appear, so it is unnecessary for me to deal very exhaustively with the prospects in this issue. Naturally there has been a good deal of disappointment among owners and trainers. It is always the same. Nearly all of them work out the weights before the official handicap appears in order to see how much their particular horses ought to be apportioned, and, somehow, it is seldom that the home estimates come out on the right side. Mr. Assheton-Smith, for instance, was certainly not overjoyed when he found his Jerry M. placed at the head of the Grand National with 12st. 7lb. and Cackler with 12st. 3lb. These were fearful crushers for the young chasers, and Mr. Assheton-Smith has signified his disapproval with the handicap by striking all his horses out of the race. This is greatly to be regretted, and robs the National of much of its interest. But I am inclined to agree with the owner that Jerry M. and Cackler were treated too harshly. Personally, I like the chances of Rubio, Mattie Macgregor, Tom West, and King of the Scarlets, the last a promising Irish "lepper."

The Lincoln Outlook

In regard to the flat races, the handicappers must have found it rather difficult to deal with the American horses so freely entered by Mr. Keene, Mr. Belmont, and Mr. Whitney. Most of them have brought good reputations from New York State. Whether they can maintain them on this side is another question. However, the compilers of weight have decided to take no risks, and have given the American horses plenty to carry. Mr. August Belmont's Priscillian, for example, heads the Lincolnshire Handicap. I think the handicapper has been a little rough on Land League, but Solferino is about right with 8st. 11lb., and if Lord Cadogan's horse has not lost his splendid speed he ought to figure prominently in the race. Nor can Mr. George Edwardes be dissatisfied with Santeve's weight, while old Kaffir Chief, who runs a far better horse at Lincoln than anywhere else, is not at all badly in with 8st. Indeed, nothing would surprise me less than to see this animal making yet another bold bid for honours at Lincoln.

Horses to Keep in Mind

A bit of a "dark" horse for the Lincoln is The Tower. He was only brought out twice last year, each time in moderate company. He finished second and first respectively. He now gets in with 7st. 8lb., and my advice to readers is to keep an eye on him. He has been in training over hurdles. I see our old friend, Desmond's Pride, is weighted at 7st. 7lb. Looking through the other spring handicaps it appears to me that the merits of Simonson have been rather under-estimated. He looks to be almost "thrown in" the Kempton Park Jubilee, and he is not badly treated in the City and Suburban. Of course, in these races he may be brought against some pretty warm stuff in the shape of Dean Swift, Llangwm, Your Majesty, Galvani, and White Eagle, but these have all been well looked after by the handicappers, and Simonson, with less than 7st., ought not to be ignored.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Dix Winning the Amateur Skating Championship at Lingay Fen

The Amateur Championship was skated at Lingay Fen, near Cambridge, on Friday last, the holder, F. W. Dix, again being the winner. He beat his own record for the 1½-mile course, made last January, by 2-5sec.

Selections for Sandown

It is to be hoped that nothing in the way of frost or fog will interfere with the excellent programme at Sandown Park this week-end. On Friday the Sandown Grand Prize will bring out some of our crack hurdle racers, and I expect **Hill Climber** to win. The Burwood Steeplechase may go to **Pat Cullinan.** On the following day, chief interest attaches to the Prince of Wales Steeplechase, for which **Cackler** will probably be favourite, in spite of his big weight, and he ought to be equal to scoring. In his absence I shall look to **Lord Chatham** to win. **Balbriggan** is my selection for the Metropolitan Hurdle Race on the same afternoon.

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Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Edinburgh Exhibition Once again the native enterprise of the Scot was demonstrated when the Twelfth Annual Scottish Motor Exhibition was opened by Sir John H. A. MacDonald, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland. Visitors, of whom there were many, headed by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, were greatly impressed by the completeness of the show and the excellent manner in which the exhibits were staged. Very few of the better-known makes of car were unrepresented, while such firms as the Daimler, Metallurgique, Humber, Lanchester, Deasy, and Argyll had their own stands. The principal Scottish dealers accounted among them for a brilliant and instructive display, and it is safe to assert that this year's exhibition has never been equalled north of the Tweed, combining as it did a unique display of commercial vehicles and marine engines, with a thoroughly representative turn-out of pleasure cars. Visitors from the Metropolis were well in evidence, several stalwarts making the run to the North by road. Among these, Mr. Charles Jarrott's little 8-9 h.-p. single-cylinder Sizaire-Naudin car, Messrs. Chenard-Walcker's single-cylinder 8 h.-p. car of that name, and a 10-8 h.-p. four-cylinder De Dion car, carrying four passengers and driven by Mr. J. W. Stocks, were run under official observation of the R.A.C., while Mr. F. C. B. Baisley, on a 35 h.-p. Gladiator, toured easily up, calling on Birmingham and Newcastle *en route*. The weather for the most part was very severe and the roads particularly bad, so that it is satisfactory to note that tyre troubles were conspicuous by their absence. Head-lights also were put to very trying tests and came through the ordeal with credit. The Chenard-Walcker car, which made a non-stop run, was equipped with Rushmore searchlights, which proved invaluable in penetrating the thick fog which prevailed at times. For those who made the journey by rail, excellent arrangements were made by the G.N. Railway and associated lines on the East Coast route for conveyance of cars and owners right into the Waverley Market where the exhibition was held. Sir John MacDonald, in his remarks at the inaugural function, referred humorously to the time when Edinburgh will, perhaps, hold the only official motor show in the United Kingdom, and although that time may be yet far distant, there is no doubt that the enthusiasm and energy of our Northern brethren are doing yeomen service in the cause of the advance of automobilism.

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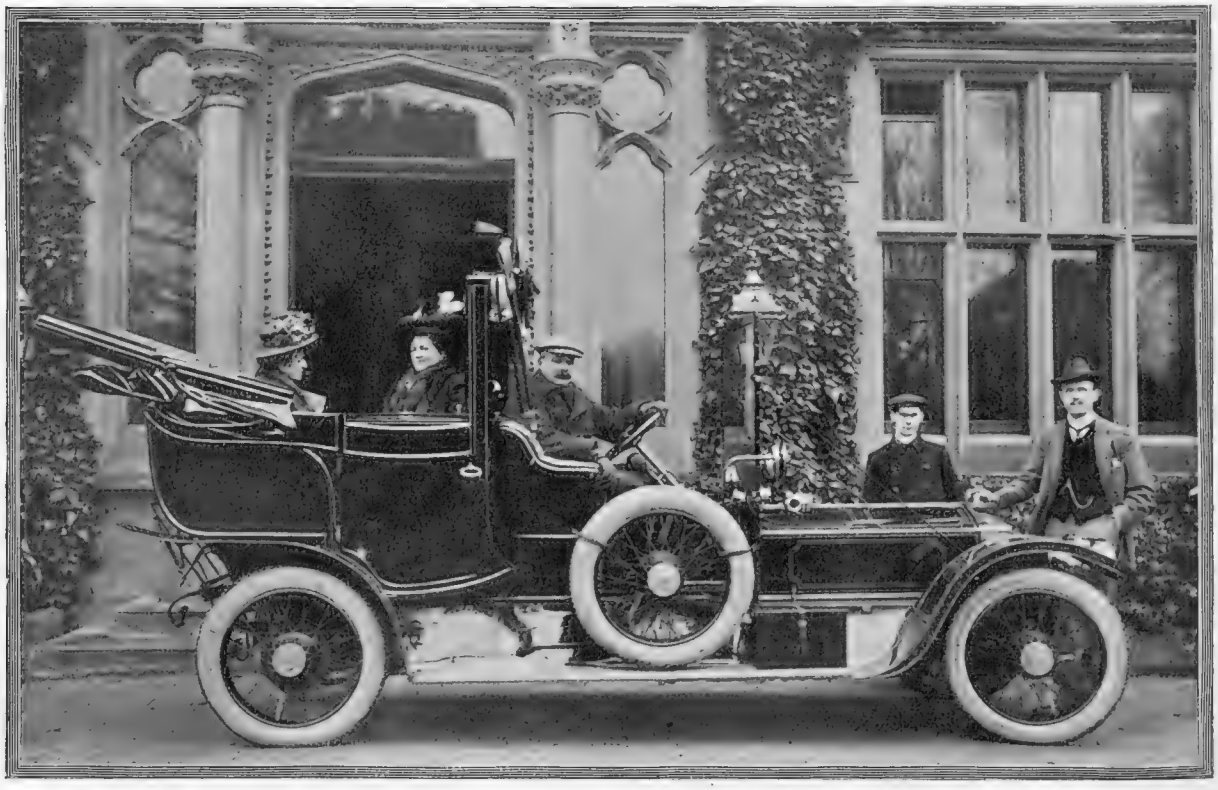

Mr. Philip Foster, with his New Six-cylinder Rolls-Royce Landaulette, at his Seat, Canwell Hall, Sutton Coldfield

Mr. Foster is standing as the Conservative candidate for the Stratford-on-Avon Division of South-West Warwickshire at the next election. The lady on the left is the Countess of Denbigh, and facing her is Mrs. Foster, while in front of the bonnet is the Hon. C. S. Rolls. The carriage-work of the car, which has several novel features, is by Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly

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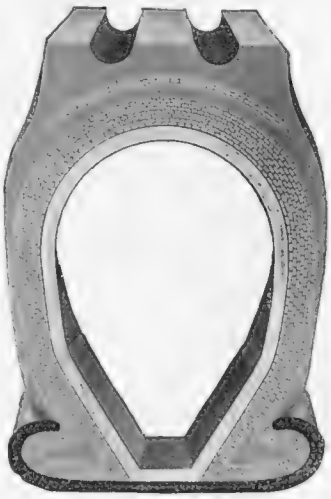
A.J.W.

That Exasperating Rule

As I remarked in THE BYSTANDER a week or two ago, some small consolation may be gleaned by perplexed motorists from the dictum of the Lord Chief Justice that the L.G.B. regulation prohibiting an overtaken vehicle to be passed on the near or left-hand side stands in need of instant amendment. A case recently before the Courts ought surely to give emphatic point to the Lord Chief's observations. The driver of a motor overtook a brougham, and was about to pass it on the off-side, when the coachman of the horse-drawn vehicle, without giving any signal by outstretched hand or otherwise, pulled to the right to turn into a side road, the result being a smash, for which not only was the motorist called upon to pay, but his counter-claim for damage to his car was summarily dismissed. We have far too many of these objectionable decisions, and it is more than time that the ban under which we now lie should be removed. I sincerely hope the Motor Union will take up the matter, and make a strong effort to remove what is not only a gross injustice to the peaceful and law-respecting citizen, but a distinct reproach and scandal on our vaunted love of equity and fair-dealing all round.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.



The Spencer Moulton Square Tread Motor Tyre with Circumferential Skid-preventing Grooves

Miscellanea

We illustrate this week the new Spencer Moulton motor tyre with circumferential grooves. This tyre was on view at the recent Edinburgh show, and was greatly admired for the purity and quality of the rubber as well as for the excellence of the workmanship throughout. Messrs. Spencer Moulton have over fifty years' experience in the treatment of rubber in all its forms, and their advent in the tyre industry is an event of the highest interest to all automobilists.

Ducros Mercédès, Ltd., have received an order from his Majesty King Edward VII. for a new 65 h.-p. four-cylinder 1909 Mercédès Chassis, with 11ft. 10in. wheel-base. An exceedingly comfortable type of limousine coach-work by Messrs. Hooper will be fitted to this chassis.

Messrs. The Bosch Magneto Company have issued a small mirror, which will enable users of magnetos to inspect the operation of the contact-breaker without difficulty, a task almost impossible owing to the inaccessible position of a magneto on a car. This little mirror overcomes all difficulties, and one will be forwarded to any applicant on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

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SPORTSMAN'S DIARY FOR 1909

"*The Sketch*," *January 13, 1909, says*:—

"This small waistcoat-pocket diary should be in the possession of every sportsman. It is bound in Royal Red leather, has a patent fastener, amongst the most adroit of its kind, the leaves are gilt-edged, and a natty little nickel-plated pencil is cunningly lodged within the book, while for beauty and neatness it is impossible to believe that it has its equal. The Calendar is episcopal, financial, astronomical. In addition to the daily diary, it contains a lot of useful information which the racing man will appreciate, including a list of Flat and Steeplechase Meetings for 1909, lengths of Newmarket Courses, comparative tables of English and Foreign weights and distances, also the colours of the most prominent French owners with the English equivalent. This is to enable Englishmen who go racing in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent to distinguish the horses. It also has Mr. Gant's terms of business, while it can safely be said that no rules ever devised by mortal man can show such fairness and liberality in every way to clients, as "No Limit," "No Commission," "No Deductions," are three of their features. Another of Mr. Gant's business methods is that all cheques in payment of Clients' winnings are signed in an assumed name, so that the nature of the business does not transpire when Mr. Gant's cheques are paid away. It is sent free to all existing and prospective clients upon written application to Mr. D. M. Gant, Member of Tattersalls', 25, Conduit Street, London, W."

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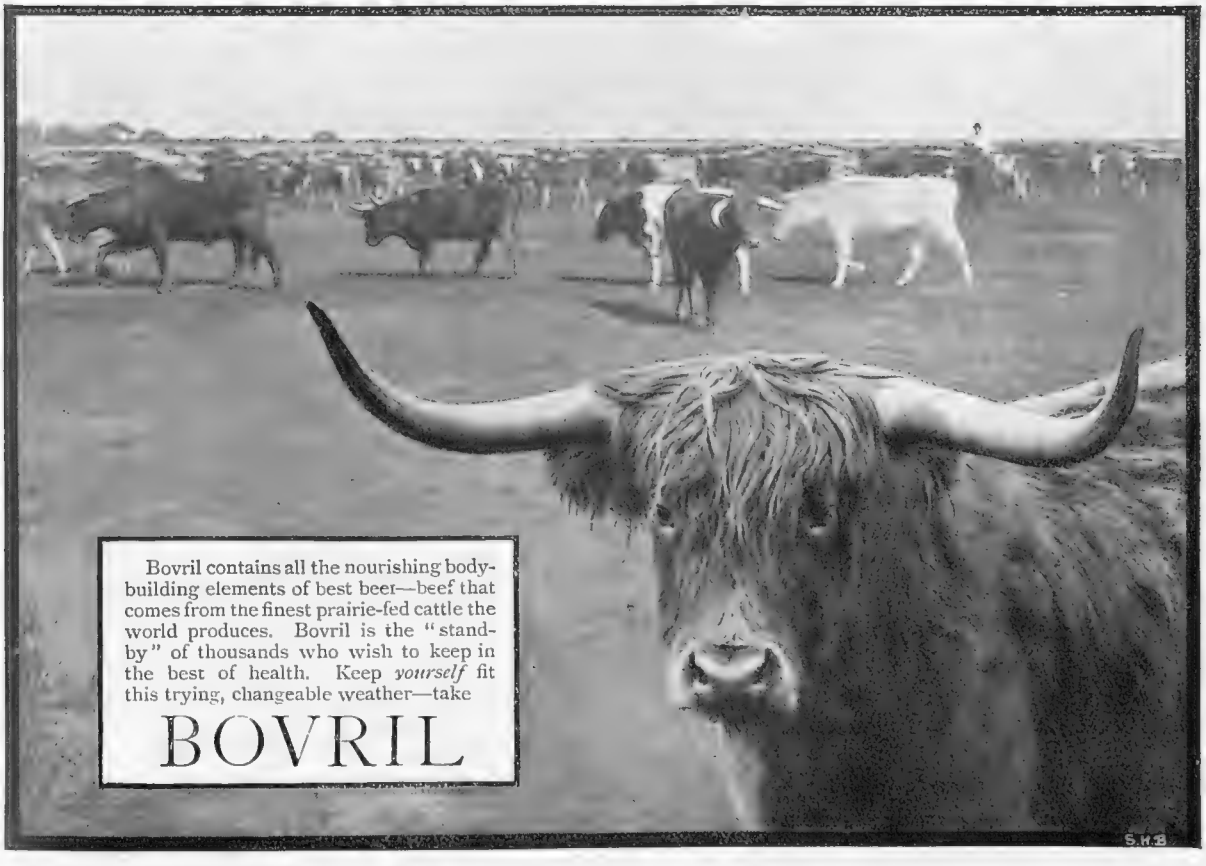

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BY H. C. DAVIDSON

Growing Mistletoe

The extensive use of mistletoe for Christmas decoration has led to its being cultivated in many gardens, and though the process is a slow one, it is not attended by any great difficulty. Trees with the parasite growing on them may be obtained from various nurseries, and by them years may be saved, for the seeds are long in germinating. Although the viscous fluid by which they are surrounded will soon attach them firmly to the tree, there is a danger that they may be washed away by rain or eaten by birds, which are very fond of them. For this reason they should be inserted in a slit made in the bark on the lower side of a bough. As an additional protection, a piece of muslin may be temporarily stretched over the slit. The mistletoe grows most commonly on the apple, the common poplar, the hawthorne, the lime, and the mountain ash, and it would be best to select one of those trees for the purpose than to try any others. Indeed, it might be best to select more than one, for some recent German investigations seem to show that there are, in reality, several distinct varieties of mistletoe, and that each has its own host-plant. If this is correct, seeds which would germinate on one kind of tree would fail on another.

Spring Beds

One objection frequently brought against box, especially when used on an extensive scale and in elaborate patterns, as shown in the illustration, is that it harbours snails. But, really, this means little more than that, instead of spreading themselves over a wide area, they gather at a single place; so that they are the more easily found and destroyed. If it is carefully searched there will be very little damage done by them in early spring when the young shoots appear above the ground. Moreover, box not only protects shoots against cold winds, but also holds in position any fibre or litter which may be used for the purpose. One advantage of such a covering is that it keeps the surface soft, or, at least, softer than it would otherwise be, and thus reduces the risk of injury to the buds of such plants as hyacinths and tulips as they push their way through. It is not yet too late to plant, as previously recommended, low-growing perennials over bulbs, and if this is done there will be no need of any other protection for the latter, while in spring they will look far more beautiful than they would do if they were growing out of the bare earth.

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

An Elaborate Box-Bed at Castle Howard, the Yorkshire Seat of the Earl of Carlisle

Though it is true that a box-bed harbours snails, this is, in itself, an advantage, as it gathers them in a small area, where they can more easily be dealt with. Such a bed also protects young shoots from the wind, and helps to hold fibre or litter in position

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FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Scare of the Scabbard Dress

Speaking for myself, I am not in the least alarmed that this fresh terror of modistic inelegance is likely to catch on. For the same good reason that one swallow does not make a summer, neither does one amazing effort made by a solitary enterprising *couturière* create a vogue. Only those of us who are in daily touch with the doings in the dress world have any conception of the number of projected styles, that are as evanescent as a soap bubble. Hundreds and hundreds of pounds are risked and lost in the gambling for notoriety, and it is under this head I should be disposed to place the Scabbard, a confection that is afforded as good a send-off as could well be desired at the Gaiety in the new play, *Our Miss Gibbs*.

But, together with many others, I await with a patience that I am persuaded will be shortly rewarded by the next turn of the wheel, which has every promise of bringing about a *bouleversement*. The pinnacle of possibility has been reached in the deletion of underwear, sheath-fitting skirts and swathed draperies, the sliding up and down of the waist-line, and the barely veiled chest and back in delicate tulle. On all these points the last word of exaggeration has been said, and the general disposition is to grumble, for discomfort reigns supreme.

Photo *Manuel*

A Graceful Satin Gown for Evening Wear

(From a Model of Bernard et Cie)

The Value of Slight Adjuncts Pending Greater Events

The resourceful mind, where dress is concerned, is one of the most valuable attributes a woman can possess. It is a fine art to be able to turn things about so that they present an entirely different aspect, and of late years the effort has been met very ably by the shops in departments that specialise in chiffons. Among the latest of these inexpensive decorative items is the Almée bolero. This is an unlined affair, sleeveless and *décolleté*, of ivory net worked over with fine lines of gold, and the edges outlined everywhere by a *rouleau* of soft satin. Akin with the little Russian *moujik* blouse, the Almée hails from a quite primitive source—somewhere in the East—and possesses the great advantage of being equally applicable to day or evening wear.

Then, too, there is that wonderful *crêpe de Chine* scarf, heavily fringed, which can be adjusted in at least six different ways, not the least impressive and artistic of which is a pointed tunic, with one end carried over the left shoulder from the back, and allowed to fall quite loose in front. The very simplest dress, or even a skirt and tucked net blouse, is metamorphosed into elegant attire in a trice under its influence. I commend the services of this scarf to the motoring tourist, who has, perforce, to condense her luggage into a curtailed space. That is to say, of course, if she is a genuine tourist, independent of heavy landaulette bodies and limousines, which the casual traveller is more and more inclined to cumber up with baggage. Though this is all by the way, my thoughts having switched themselves off on to a side line—a way they have.

The Bystander, February 3, 1909

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 270.—Vol. XXI. Wednesday, February 3, 1909 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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CONSIDERABLY REDUCED PRICE.

A QUAINT AND BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, on high ground, in MINIATURE and BEAUTIFULLY WOODED PARK; South aspect; dry soil; charming lounge hall, oak-panelled reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, and very complete offices; good stabling, cottages, etc.; magnificently timbered old-world grounds, productive gardens, etc.; water laid on.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,168)

PINE WOOD DISTRICT (10 minutes' walk from an important junction, with an unexcelled service of trains to Town, which is reached in about half an hour).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally attractive Freehold PROPERTY of about NINE ACRES, and comprising the above well-arranged Residence, with short carriage drive approach: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, capital domestic offices, including servants' hall, 2 staircases; gas and water laid on; sandy soil; substantial stabling for 3, and coachman's dwelling; matured pleasure grounds with shrubberies, flower gardens, and extensive well-kept lawns for croquet and tennis; productive kitchen garden and suitable glasshouses; 3 paddocks; the Property would be Sold in its entirety, or the principal part with an area of about FOUR ACRES.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Views and Plan. (22,687)

HINDHEAD DISTRICT (very beautiful rural situation, well away from building development).—For SALE, a DELIGHTFUL LITTLE HOUSE OF BIJOU CHARACTER, standing high on sand rock, amidst extensive gorse and bracken-covered land and inexpensive grounds; admirably suited as week-end or permanent residence: 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; small stabling; trout fishing on the property.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,2..

SEVENOAKS (near; lovely district). — £3,200 WILL PURCHASE a charming RESIDENCE, standing on HIGH GROUND, with FINE VIEWS and SOUTH ASPECT: 3 reception rooms, 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bathroom, and offices; excellent stabling, coach or motor-house, etc.; LOVELY GROUNDS, rose gardens, kitchen garden, etc.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,250)

EXTENSIVE VIEWS OVER THE WEALD.

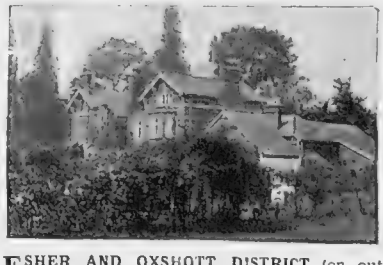
SUSSEX (with park-like lands of 117 acres).—This fine modern HOUSE, seated on a hill, approached by drive with lodge, and containing: lounge hall, h. and c. lavatory, 4 reception rooms, 14 bed, bath, boxrooms, good offices, and butler's bedroom; excellent stabling, 4 boxes, 2 stalls, etc.; grounds include croquet and tennis lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, and are very attractively arranged. TO BE SOLD AS A WHOLE, OR WITH SMALLER AREA, or would LET, FURNISHED.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,343)

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

DEVONSHIRE (near old-fashioned town, in lovely district).—£1,700 will PURCHASE the above charming HOUSE, with stabling and grounds of 3 acres: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception rooms; ½ mile from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,236)

NOT LIKELY TO REMAIN LONG ON THE MARKET.
RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 178 ACRES; TWO MILES OF SALMON AND TROUT FISHING. PRICE £6,000.

AMIDST LOVELY SCENERY, in a beautiful part of WALES, close to a station.—To be SOLD, a capital COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling, model farmery; pretty but inexpensive grounds; standing on the banks of the Tivy, which flows through the Property: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, ample offices. The fishing includes one of the best salmon pools in the river. Hunting and shooting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,828)



ESHER AND OXSHOTT DISTRICT (on outskirts of pretty village in this favourite neighbourhood, 5 minutes' walk from golf links).—For SALE, at a reduced price, the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in beautiful grounds of about 5 acres; tennis and croquet lawns, orchard and paddock; stabling for 3 horses, and coachman's rooms; 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, and offices; 10 minutes' walk from station. More land can be had. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,502)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD. S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

KENT (lovely Hawkhurst District.)—To be LET, Unfurnished or Furnished, the above charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, well away from road and motor dust. Approached by long carriage-drive and surrounded by exceedingly pretty old grounds of 6½ ACRES: 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 4; 2 cottages. — Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 8,347)

RENT, £135 PER ANNUM.

READING (near).—Up-to-date well-built RESIDENCE, in well-timbered grounds 1½ acres, tennis lawn, excellent kitchen garden: 4 reception, 8 bed and dressing, bathroom; stabling, motor-house; electric light; main water and drainage. — Inspected and strongly recommended by Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PRICE ONLY £3,500 FREEHOLD.

OXFORDSHIRE CHILTERNS (650ft. up).—To be SOLD, charmingly placed RESIDENCE, magnificent views, near noted Huntercombe golf links; grounds of 2 acres: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 2. Price, £1,600.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

NEWBURY DISTRICT.—Furnished for year or shorter period, very comfortable RESIDENCE in charming old gardens and grounds; 13 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; tennis lawns, etc. Easy reach of excellent golf links.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,077)

G.N.R. (with 75 minutes' express service to Town, in a fine sporting district, and within 1½ miles of a capital social town). — COUNTRY MANOR HOUSE, standing on site of a most ancient house: 13 bed and dressing, 2 baths, 5 reception; stabling for 6; in all 10 acres. A VERY REAL OPPORTUNITY. — HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (8,061)

COST £8,000. SELL FOR £3,500.

TO RACING MEN, TRAINERS, AND OTHERS.

BERKSHIRE DOWNS.—To be SOLD, by order of Executors, an exceedingly choice PROPERTY: 3 reception, billiard, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms; stabling for 20-30 horses; farmery, motor-house, several cottages; over 100 acres; electric light throughout; especially adapted for a training establishment or stud farm. Inspected and recommended.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE

HERTS (in favourite part, 40 minutes of London).—To be SOLD, this lovely old-fashioned RESIDENCE with pretty grounds of about 6 ACRES, tennis lawn, kitchen and flower gardens, etc. (extra land can be bought): lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 2; lodge; gravel soil. — Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PRICE ONLY £4,300 FREEHOLD.

KENT (under 2 miles from a station).—This charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished or possibly Unfurnished: 5 bed, bath, oak-panelled dining hall, 2 other reception rooms, usual offices; stabling 3; picturesque grounds.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,177)

35 MINUTES' MOTOR RUN OF MARBLE ARCH.—Charming old-world PLACE, shaded by cedars of Lebanon 200 years old, surrounded by 11 acres of gardens and grass; 10 bed and dressing, bath, billiard, and 4 reception; stabling and men's rooms. Lease expiring 1917 at £160; or would be LET, Furnished. Inspected and recommended.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

40 MINUTES OF LONDON.—To be SOLD, an exceedingly attractive up-to-date RESIDENCE, with pretty grounds of 1½ acres; tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc.; lounge hall, cloakroom and lavatory; 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling or motor-house; 500 ft. above sea level; near golf and station. £2,600. — Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.

SURREY (within an hour of London, in a high, healthy position).—To be SOLD, an exceedingly picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 2 large reception rooms, smoking, 6 bed and dressing rooms bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2, groom's rooms, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,816)

SUSSEX (just outside a pretty village on the Surrey borders).—To be LET or SOLD, the above substantially erected RESIDENCE, nearly covered in creepers. It stands in 4½ acres, and contains: fine billiard room (33ft. by 24ft.), 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 2, and useful outbuildings. The pretty old grounds include 2 good tennis lawns, flower borders, small orchard, fruit and kitchen gardens, small paddock, etc.; a large meadow in front can be rented if desired.—Apply. Box K 4,112, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED, a FARMHOUSE of the Queen Anne or Georgian period, with a little land (about 12 to 20 acres), within 5 miles of a good station, South of London or Bucks preferred; photo if possible.—"R. D.," care of Box KF 5,096, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—To be SOLD, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, enjoying a high situation, about 100 yds. from the road, and approached by winding carriage drive, with lodge entrance. Accommodation: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 3, garage, and man's accommodation; the lovely old grounds are well timbered, and include tennis lawn, rose walks, flower and kitchen garden, orchard, woodland, pasture, in all about 35 acres. —Box K 4,059, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE RESIDENCE and about 50 acres. The Property is situate on high ground, and commands lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour; 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Further particulars of Box K 3,912, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN HOUR OF LONDON.

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE, standing on gravel soil, 400ft. above the sea: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms; could easily be enlarged; stabling for 2; nicely timbered old grounds of an acre; more land could be purchased if desired. — Particulars of H., c/o Box K 7,211, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN A PRETTY PART OF SUSSEX.

£3,750 WITH 26 ACRES.—A great bargain; the HOUSE is old-fashioned, but in excellent order, and contains: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3 horses; ½ mile from station.—Full particulars on application to Box K 4,082, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

A GENTLEMAN, who has just sold his residence in the Home Counties, wishes to PURCHASE in the South-West or West of England, or possibly in a nice part of the Southern Midlands (the Home Counties are excluded), a good HOUSE, with 12 to 16 bedrooms and about 200 acres of grassland; if the property were in other respects suitable, up to 500 acres might be considered, but less than 150 acres would not be of any use. A good price would be given for an attractive and well-situated property, and the proposing purchaser will inspect any suitable places offered in the next few weeks.—Messrs. HAMNETT, RAFFETY and Co., 55, Pall Mall, S.W.

CHARING-CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.

28, BEDFORD ST., CHARING CROSS, LONDON, and 39, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHIN, LONDON, E.C.
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Assets £1,607,949. Liabilities £1,236,871. Surplus £371,078
LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares, and furniture, without removal.
Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
2½ per cent. allowed on Current account balances.
DEPOSITS of £10 and upwards received as under.
Subject to 3 months' Notice of Withdrawal, 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 5 " "
" 12 " " " 7 " "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 39 years, and our position in the Banking World to-day, testifies to the success of our business methods and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for Prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS, H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

TO BE LET ON LEASE.

THIS COMFORTABLE OLD MANOR HOUSE, in capital order; 50 acres of land (more can be had), excellent shooting up to 1,800 acres; 75 minutes of London, and on a main line; the Residence affords 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 4 reception rooms, and every convenience, including electric light throughout; large stabling, motor garage; 2 cottages and men's rooms; beautifully timbered park-like grounds, sloping terraced lawns, fine old cedars, tennis and croquet courts, walled fruit gardens—in all about 50 acres. Rent to a good tenant, £300 a year, and the option would be given to take over 1,700-1,800 acres of really first-class shooting at 2s. 6d. per acre.—Full particulars of the Agents, MAPLE and Co. (Ltd.), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

TO GOLFERS PARTICULARLY.
HERTS AND BUCKS BORDERS.
350FT. HIGH.
G.C.R., 35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS. — An old-fashioned ivy-clad RESIDENCE, situated in fine open country, a drive from Amersham, Rickmansworth, and Chenies, to be SOLD. Accommodation: sitting hall (30ft. wide), 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 7; old grounds of 6 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, etc.; Company's water; modern drainage.—Box K 4,134, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GREAT SACRIFICE (35 minutes from Town). —A charming little HOUSE, with 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, in well-matured grounds of 1½ acres, with tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, with coach-house and outbuildings; will be Sold considerably below cost.—Apply, Box K 4,061, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

Telephones: VICTORIA, 2560 & 2561

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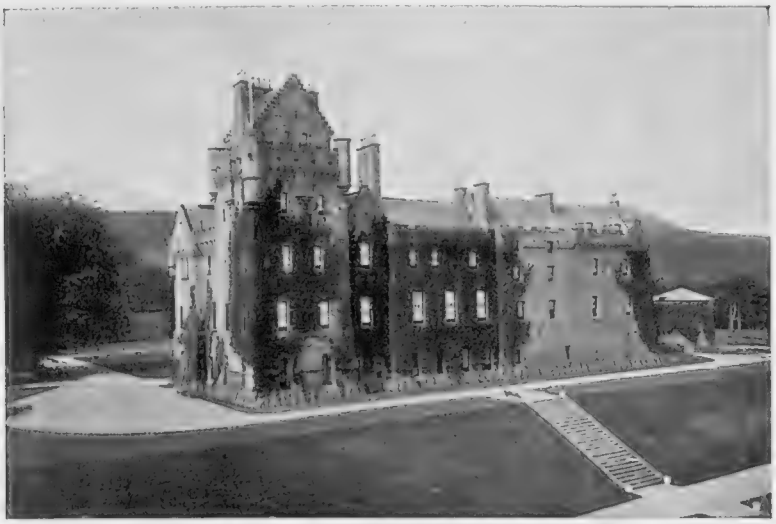
Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT, 72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. SURVEYOR, VALUER.

22,000 ACRES SHOOTING AND GOOD FISHINGS.



THIS GRAND OLD SCOTCH BARONIAL HALL, near the Kyles of Bute, to be LET, Furnished, with shootings extending to about 22,000 acres of moor and hill ground, with some arable land, and well supplied with woods and sheltered corries, forming a compact deer forest and grouse moor.

The Castle occupies a magnificent position, commanding unrivalled views, and contains some 6 public rooms, picture gallery, 24 bed and dressing rooms, ample service quarters, extensive cellarage; excellent stabling accommodation, and 2 cottages: electric light and telephone installation.

GAME BAG.

	Grouse.	Black Game.	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Woodcock.	Plover.	Snipe.	Pigeon.	Wildfowl.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Various.	Total (not including fish).
1906.	1,716	47	107	30	106	—	111	7	1	12	3,489	13	5,693
07.	1,164	20	50	12	467	12	143	9	-	12	4,466	3	6,358
08.	766	55	56	12	343	3	86	6	4	11	3,019	-	4,361

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

WITH 39 ACRES, £4,000 ONLY; OR WITH 21 ACRES, £2,950.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

To be SOLD, the FREEHOLD of a picturesque old RESIDENCE,

with lands extending to 39 acres, 15 of which are orchards, which form a considerable source of income. The House stands high, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, usual domestic offices; excellent water and modern drainage; stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, harness room, cowhills, etc.; 2 6-roomed cottages, and numerous outbuildings The House is surrounded by extensive lawns and well-timbered grounds; a trout stream abounds the Property.

Hunting with the South Hereford, the Monmouth, and the Ross Harriers.

For further particulars, apply to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street. London, S.W. (U 1,274)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD HISTORICAL TUDOR MANSION is now available, Furnished. It stands in a grandly timbered park in a favourite part of Surrey, and contains: banqueting hall with musicians' gallery, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, nine 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling accommodation for 10 horses, coach-house, garage for 3 cars; 2 cottages, 3 lodges, etc.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street. S.W. (S 662)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

DORSETSHIRE COAST.—The above charming COUNTRY HOUSE, 400ft. above sea level, with beautiful land and seascape views, to be LET, Furnished. The House, which stands in lovely old-fashioned grounds, contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, usual domestic offices, including servants' hall and page's bedroom; excellent stabling accommodation and motor-house. The grounds extend to nearly 3 acres.

For terms, apply F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

UNIQUE MANORIAL SPORTING ESTATE.

WESTERN COUNTIES.—For SALE, an exceptionally fine RESIDENCE and SPORTING ESTATE of about

1,779 ACRES,

including the above imposing early English Manor House, splendidly situated, 750ft. above sea level, and approached by a finely timbered drive. Briefly, the accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; the stabling includes 2 stalls, 3 loose boxes, carriage-house, and 5-roomed coachman's house; the grounds are beautifully laid out, and include a series of lakes, well stocked with trout: excellent shooting.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

FOR SALE AT £1,750 FREEHOLD.

AN OLD-FASHIONED TIMBERED CEILING FARMHOUSE, within 1 mile of a station on the G.C.R., standing about 800ft. above sea level, with S.W. aspect. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 staircases, usual domestic offices; extensive outbuildings, including stabling for 4 horses. The grounds extend to 17 ACRES, comprising lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, paddock, and 2 meadows. Immediate possession.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U1,283)

WITH OR WITHOUT 1,500 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

NORFOLK (within 2 miles of a station).—To be LET, Furnished, on Lease, the above charming old MANSION, approached by a fine avenue of old oaks, and containing: oak-panelled hall, dining room, large drawing room, study, smoking room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bathroom (h. and c.); stabling accommodation for 7 horses, coach-houses, etc. The grounds, which are well timbered, include lawns for 3 tennis courts, vinery, orchard, productive kitchen garden, etc.

Rent for house and grounds. 250gns. per annum.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

FACING A SURREY COMMON.

£220 PER ANNUM IS REQUIRED for a charming old-fashioned HOUSE, close to Town, with excellent train service, and within easy reach of first-class golf links. The situation is open, and the outlook delightful. The House contains every convenience, and includes large hall, dining room, drawing room, study, 7 bed and dressing rooms, and 3 nurseries; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house, and living rooms over; pretty garden with conservatory; gravel soil; Company's water; electric light; certified drainage.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,317)

NORTHUMBERLAND (within 10 minutes' walk of a station).—To be LET, the above excellent RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about

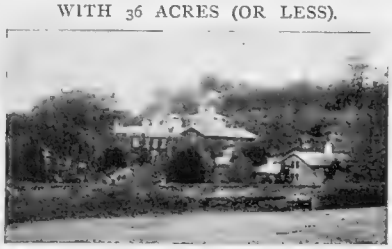
6 ACRES.

The accommodation comprises: 2 halls, dining and drawing rooms, library, billiard room, conservatory, 9 bedrooms (exclusive of servants'), bathroom, etc.; 3-stalled stable with coach-house, loose box, hay loft, etc.; 2 cottages; ornamental gardens, and 4 acres of pasture-land.

Rent, £200 per annum.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

WITH 36 ACRES (OR LESS).



SOUTH DEVON COAST (within ½ mile of a station and close to sea).—For SALE, the above substantially built and artistically finished RESIDENCE in the Italian Renaissance style, approached by a long carriage drive, with lodge and entrance, and containing: handsome inner hall, large Oriental drawing room, salon, dining room, billiard room, library, fitted cloak room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 luxuriantly appointed bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling accommodation and motor garage; electric light installation; telephone; beautiful grounds, in excellent condition, and adorned with many sub-tropical plants, and generally laid out in perfect taste.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,323)

THE COURTYARD OF THE MANOR HOUSE.

F. W. PHILLIPS,

THE MANOR HOUSE, HITCHIN, HERTS.

(40 minutes King's Cross, G.N. Ry.)

The Manor House contains over 70 rooms filled with old furniture from 1500 to 1800. The prices are extremely moderate, and every piece is guaranteed to be absolutely genuine. Catalogues on application.

By Royal *Appointment*

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For a Week Only

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Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

The latest reports indicate that the coming Season will be a Tailor-made one, a fashion for which English Tailors are unequalled.

SPRING SUIT (as sketch), in fine herringbone Serges, with Directoire Vest, Collar and Cuffs of Ottoman Silk. In Black, Navy, and Colours.

£5

TAILOR SUITS (to order), cut, fitted, and made on the premises by our own highly-skilled tailors in 6 new shapes. Fashionable materials.

All at 6½ Guineas.

GUARANTEED KID & SUEDE GLOVES 1/11, 2/6, 3/6 per pair.

HOOPING-COUGH. CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine.
In constant use for the past 120 years.
The Embrocation will be found Effectual in cases of
BRONCHITIS & LUMBAGO.

COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.

"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."
The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

TELEGRAM—LDN., MERAN, 78 :, 38, 14/10/90, 10/5.—M.
"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Phillip of Wuerttemberg, Abbazia, Austro-Hungary "Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."

Sold by Druggists throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad.

Price 4/- per bottle. Sole Wholesale Agents—
W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.
Paris: Roberts and Co., 5, Rue de la Paix.
New York: Fougera & Co., 90, Beekman Street.

HOUSEHOLD LINEN.

¶ At this season of the year, when the Linen Cupboard needs replenishing, ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S Price Lists and Samples will be found most useful. Write for them, post free.

TABLE NAPKINS	¾ by ¾ yd.	doz.	12/-
TABLE CLOTHS	2 by 2½ yds.	each	9/11
LINEN SHEETS	2 by 3 yds.	pair	15/4
LINEN TOWELS	20 by 40 ins.	doz.	12/-
Linen Handkerchiefs	Ladies'	doz.	4/11
Linen for Men's Wear	Collars	doz.	4/11

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,
44 T, Donegall Place, BELFAST. To H.M. The King

THE MOST PERFECT FIELD GLASSES made are THE STEREOSCOPIC "PRISMA" BINOCULARS

The new "Prisma" Binoculars have approximately double the illumination of other glasses of equal power.

SUPPLIED IN SIX POWERS.
Magnification 6 to 18 diameter.

PRISMS CAN BE CLEANED BY THE USER.

Glasses sent on approval on receipt of reference or remittance.

OLD PRISMATIC GLASSES TAKEN IN PART EXCHANGE.

Write for Booklet No. 14 B., Free from the
LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.,
106 & 108, Regent Street, London, W.

A Handsome Ermine Stole
(Drawn at Kosminski's, 50, Berners St., by Kathleen Standage)

Returning to my muttons, I find awaiting laudatory applause certain stole tunic adjuncts effected in beaded and sequined set, admirable for slipping over and enlivening some simple evening gown. The characteristic feature of these stoles is a pronounced flatness back and front, a shapeliness, however, being effected by a generous slope outwards at the hem. Nevertheless, they carry a certain *religieuse* reminiscence.

Something About the Furs at Kosminski's

It is always an education to visit the house of Kosminski, at 50, Berners Street, where the beauty and assured quality of the furs are only equalled by the charm and variety and originality of the designs in which they are fashioned. It is, indeed, a palatial establishment to be given up wholly to one speciality, and it is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that the choice is colossal. Customers can select their skins, choose their designs, and rest assured that their highest expectations will be realised.

The Kosminski family have made a life-study of furs, and are delightful enthusiasts. They hold, as behoves their position, a righteous scorn of faked furs, handling and discussing the rare and handsome specimens they only purvey with loving care. Their sables are unique, and, although the stream is ever flowing outwards, the source never seems to run dry, while the workmanship put into the garments is the finest procurable.

During the next few months all the rates for making and remodelling are lowered, and now especially is the time to put in hand anything specially elaborate, such as the sable tail and fisher-work. The Kosminkis, long before the recently revived interest in ermine, signalled the charm of this pelt, and the stole illustrated is an instance of the originality of their treatment.

Almost might this stole be described as a mantlelette, so shapely and all-pervading is it, the fashionable shortened waist-line punctuated by a strap of the fur and a small head. Exceptionally effective is the way the tails are worked in, in a shallow V shape, a second line occurring mid-way up, while a square appearance—eminently becoming—is imparted to the shoulder by a sort of *empiècement* of tails. There is a muff *ensuite*, which is not included in the picture, the set appealing as an irresistible possession, and fully worthy of the great name of Kosminski.

An Evening Toilette Reasonably Proportioned

Now, what could be more bewitching than this graceful satin gown with its double sash which appears on page 260? It is a scheme that would carry out adorably in ivory-white satin *charmeuse* and point Venise lace, the sleeves and knotted sash at the right side of *mousseline de soie*, also ivory. The corselet adjustment, the ends of which fall down the other side, should be of gold silk net, worked in deeper-toned *chenille* silk, enlivened by fine strands of silver, a heavy *chenille* and silver tassel weighting the ends. Bernard et Cie stand sponsors for this model.

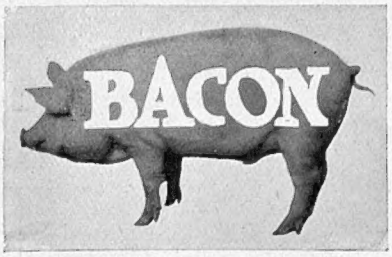
A "Ganesh" Sale

Through the month of February, the Ganesh Preparations and Treatments are much reduced at Mrs. Adair's, 92, New Bond Street, W. (Telephone: 3782 Gerrard). If young people only take time by the forelock and use the Ganesh Preparations, they need never fear deep lines and hollows. With these cosmetics, and a course now and again of the Ganesh Strapping Treatment, we can defy Old Father Time, and like Ninon De l'Enclos keep our looks to extreme old age. Now is the time to buy while everything is reduced, and the Ganesh Preparations only improve with keeping.

The Ganesh Corsets are also much reduced, and the French corset maker will make corsets cheaper during the sale.

Where to Buy Your China Now

When a firm announces its first sale for twenty years, one may be sure of obtaining some exceptional bargains, so that any who wish to retrieve past losses of their crockery or glass cannot do better than attend Messrs. Pearce's sale at 39, Ludgate Hill, from February 8 to 20. During these two weeks will be offered the whole of this well-known firm's surplus stock, comprising hundreds of services, ornamental pieces in great variety, rose bowls, flower stands, etc., at greatly reduced prices. It will be found that a saving of from 8½ to 50 per cent. may be effected by the judicious buyer, and the opportunity is one which should by no means be allowed to pass by.



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CAN BE FIXED TO ANY HOT-WATER APPARATUS.

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A Woman's Note Book

The Unsuccessful Face!

Quite a tragedy was unfolded in a letter addressed to one of our dailies, which came to my notice, and probably, too, to that of many of my readers. It was headed, "The Unsuccessful Face," and at first thought one expected it to be funny. But it wasn't funny, any more than an out-of-date hat, or an inelegant stride, or a hard voice, or a nervous manner, is comic to the possessor. The little bitternesses of life are those that tell most persistently, that work most destruction, so the man with the unsuccessful face was a social and financial failure, and one cannot help asserting that it could scarcely be otherwise. "I am not an ugly man," he writes, "but my face lacks any individuality. It is not striking." But to-day a thing must be striking; it must possess force, persuasion; it must not prejudice people against its own hopes and ambitions. It is easier to succeed by a sort of grasp, a species of masterful handling, than by a great depth and knowledge of one's subject unaccompanied by the forceful manner.

The Cultivation of the "Something"

Now, the only question is: How far can this necessary and subtle "something" be cultivated? It will be argued that one may tie a bow neatly, or dress one's hair becomingly, or soften one's voice, but not make one's face striking. I utterly repudiate the idea. One *can* make one's face striking. Nothing succeeds like success, or, I may add, fails like failure. The man who possessed the unsuccessful face was wearily, and, finally, I imagine, almost despairingly, conscious of it. There is no great difficulty of exterior charm, or, at least, there ought not to be, to any ordinary person. If against all odds the man with the unsuccessful face had resolved to be striking, resolved to show that he was striking, he would not have courted his present pessimism. Why, it is far more difficult to be merely tidy. Some women find it almost a superhuman effort to strive to be tidy; there are persons whom only enthusiasm can render presentable. But enthusiasm can do all things. Enthusiasm has made saints, heroes, students, patriots, and public-spirited people. Enthusiasm, whether for love, or friendship, or causes, or endeavours, has turned out the most charming women. Enthusiasm has done the greatest things in the world, and it has greatly done the smallest, down to tying our bootlaces. Enthusiasm will banish all the minor ills and irradiate the unsuccessful faces. Let us try its recipe. During the centuries which have rolled away while man (and woman) discoursed their destiny, they have not yet found, and never will find, anything better.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: A LITTLE DINNER FOR EIGHT

Oyster Soup
Soles aux Marselles
Entrée
Stewed Chicken with Olives
Roast Saddle of Mutton
Partridges. Potato Chips
Apples à la Portugaise. Götterspeize
Shrimps on Toast

Oyster Soup

The stock for this soup should be made the day before it is wanted, and any nice fresh fish can be used, with the addition of an onion and a few herbs. Then take two dozen oysters, beard them, and let the beards boil in the stock for more than a quarter of an hour. Have ready the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and pound them with 1oz. of fresh butter and a little white pepper and salt. Sprinkle over all a little anchovy sauce and lemon-juice, and after straining the stock, add the pounded eggs and oyster liquor. The soup must be put in a clean stewpan, the oysters added, and cooked slowly until it is thick and smooth. It can be thickened with butter and flour before adding the oysters. Chopped parsley should be sprinkled over the soup after it is in the tureen, and small dice of fried bread served with it.

Soles aux Marselles

Skin two soles, fillet them, season with salt and pepper and a little lemon-juice, place them in a well-buttered fireproof dish, cover with buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, moistening with a little stock. For the Sauce: Stew four large tomatoes. When cooked, rub them through a sieve and mix with them the juice of half a lemon, a pinch of salt and pepper, and add the liquid in which the fish has been cooked. Stir well, make thoroughly hot, and pour over the fish. Chopped mushroom or truffles may be added to the sauce, and a glass of wine must not be omitted.

Stewed Chicken with Olives

Cut a chicken into neat joints, and fry them in butter or sweet olive oil in a sauté-pan; pour off the oil, and add a finely minced shallot. Cook for a little time, and then moisten with rich brown stock or gravy. Cover the pan, and stew gently for about thirty-five minutes. About fifteen minutes before taking up the chicken, add twenty stuffed olives. Dish up on a croûton of fried bread, and garnish with crescent-shaped croûtons of puff paste. Pour the sauce (strained) round the fowl, and serve.

Apples à la Portugaise

Choose twelve apples, not too large, and all of one size. Peel them, and remove the core. Stew gently in syrup until tender, but not broken. Leave till cold. Place in a glass or silver dish, strain, and then colour the syrup pink, and fill the hollow in each apple with red-currant jelly, melted sufficiently to be poured in. For the syrup use a breakfastcupful of sugar, the same of water, the juice of one lemon, and the peel of half.

Gotterspeize

Lay some stale brown breadcrumbs, mixed with castor sugar, in a glass dish; then a layer of whipped cream, flavoured with vanilla, and a little preserve at each corner; then more breadcrumbs and sugar, and another layer of whipped cream and preserve.

Shrimps on Toast

Put twopennyworth of picked shrimps into a saucepan with a teaspoonful of white pepper, the juice of an orange, ½oz. of butter, and a little nutmeg. Make this mixture very hot, pile upon small squares of buttered toast. Put in a hot oven for a minute or so, and serve garnished with fried parsley.

EMILIA.

HAVE YOU ANY SKIN TROUBLE?

The "Antexema" Treatment is the only Certain Cure for every Skin Trouble, whether slight and recent, or severe and of long standing.

WHAT can be worse than skin illness? Nothing makes the sufferer feel so miserable, look so unsightly, or is so worrying and annoying. It must also be remembered that it is very easy to get attacked by skin illness. Changes of wind and weather, a little accident, a sudden shock, constitutional weakness, and scores of other causes may all prove the starting point for skin illness of one kind or another. The most important point for skin sufferers is to learn how to get cured, and that we explain below.

"Antexema" should be used for rashes and all facial blemishes.

Are you one of the victims of skin illness? Have you even a slight breaking out, a rash, redness or roughness of your skin? Do not say or imagine that it does not matter. It is such little troubles as these that are the beginning of serious skin troubles, and thousands of people who are to-day tortured by their skin, or so disfigured that they are ashamed to meet their friends, are afflicted in this way, because when they noticed the first signs of skin illness they either neglected them, or else they wasted time in experimenting with greasy ointments that did them harm rather than good. If you have even the slightest suggestion of skin illness, don't lose another moment, but use "Antexema" immediately. Delay is dangerous, but if you adopt the "Antexema" treatment you have taken the path of wisdom and safety.

"Antexema" Gives Instant Relief

Your cure begins the instant you use "Antexema." You soon see a change in the appearance of your skin. If you have been unable to sleep for months owing to terrible irritation, all this will stop as soon as "Antexema" is applied. Bad places that refuse to heal show signs of getting better the first day you use "Antexema." Eczema and other terrible skin complaints that have resisted every other treatment begin to go away as soon as you adopt the "Antexema" treatment. The most remarkable cures effected by "Antexema" have been in cases where doctors and skin specialists have utterly and completely failed. The moment "Antexema" was used it proved its truly extraordinary curative powers. Surely it is unwise to continue to suffer from skin illness when a complete cure is so easy and certain.

The only way you can prove that "Antexema" works wonders is by using it. Whatever skin trouble you may be suffering from, however badly it is troubling you, and however unsuccessful you have hitherto been in obtaining a cure, we give you our assurance that the "Antexema" treatment will give you a clear, fresh, healthy skin. All we ask you to do is to give "Antexema" the opportunity of curing you.

Why Continue to Suffer?

Why not prove the value of "Antexema" immediately? "Antexema" is free from all objection, as it is not an ointment, but a creamy liquid discovered by a doctor a quarter of a century ago. Every bottle of "Antexema" is scientifically prepared from his formula in our own laboratory, and it is safe, sure, non-poisonous, and antiseptic. It may be freely applied to the most tender and sensitive skin, even of a baby in arms. As soon as it is applied to the bad place it is absorbed. Its curative virtues go straight to the seat of the trouble, and an invisible artificial skin is formed over the unhealthy spot, and germs, dirt, and grit are kept out, and a new, healthy, natural skin begins to grow. If the skin becomes broken in any way "Antexema" should be immediately applied, because, owing to its germicidal properties, it destroys the microbes of blood poisoning and lockjaw, and thus renders the blood healthy and assists rapid healing. Please remember that the very first application of "Antexema" will convince you of its value. It is also desirable to take "Antexema Granules" to purify the blood, and "Antexema Soap" should invariably be used for bath and toilet, as it is a soap possessing remarkable virtues.

Rashes and eruptions disappear if "Antexema" be used.

The "Antexema" treatment cures Acne, Babies' Skin Trouble, Barber's Rash, Blackheads, Burns and Scalds, Eczema of every kind and in every part of the body, Chilblains, Nettlerash, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Bad Legs, and every other skin trouble known to dermatologists. This is a bold claim, but "Antexema" justifies it. Use "Antexema" and you will very soon be convinced of its value and virtues. Begin with "Antexema" to-day. All Chemists and Stores supply "Antexema" in 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.* bottles, or direct post free, in plain wrapper, 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. "Antexema" can be obtained of chemists and stores in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, S. Africa, India, and all British Dominions. With every bottle is enclosed a copy of the family handbook, "Skin Troubles," which is full of most valuable information with regard to the hygiene of the skin. The only way you can prove the value of "Antexema" is by putting it to a practical test. Do so to-day.

"Antexema" CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

The Editor's Box

The Coliseum

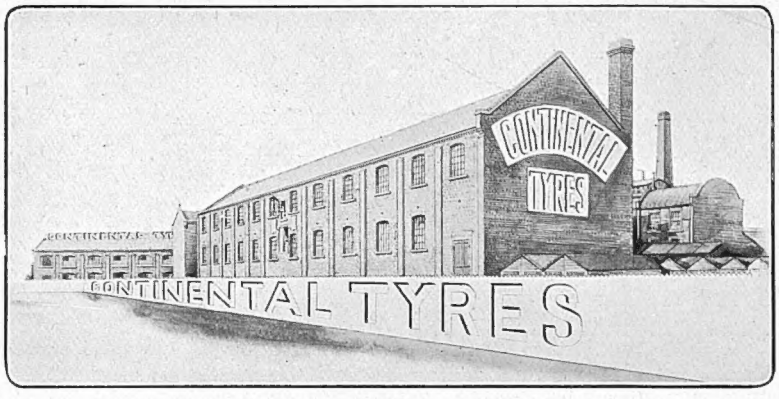
It is good to be able to record that, excellent as the Coliseum programme has always been, each week it seems to go one better. Albert Chevalier is still appearing here in *Behind the Scenes*, in which playlet, as Achille Talma Dufard, an old French actor, he successfully outwits leading lady, manager, and author, and procures for his daughter a star engagement at £50 per week. Mme. Alice Esty also remains in the bill. The famous prima donna gives selections from her operatic and ballad repertoire. She is an immense favourite, her rendering of Tosti's "Good-bye" being especially popular. Among the new turns this week are Charles T. Aldrich, Sadie Jerome, Haley's Garden of Girls, the Two Anartos, and many others.

Broadway Theatre

The first pantomime under the Moss Empires direction has proved an enormous success, and is still drawing crowded houses. *Humpty-Dumpty* is the fairy-tale chosen by Mr. J. Hickory Wood for his book—but in this version Humpty-Dumpty is made a sort of villain, who only repents at the very last. The pantomime is admirably staged, the scenery and dresses are gorgeous, the acting excellent. The fun is fast and furious, and both Mr. Fred Eastman as King Solumm and Mr. Stratton Mills as the flighty Martha bring down the house with their whimsicalities over and over again. The principal boy and girl are respectively in the hands of Miss Edna Morgan and Miss Hanid Alexander, who, suffice it to say, are "just right" for the parts.

Maskelyne and Devant's

Mr. Devant, before a large audience, showed some new mysteries recently, including an adaptation of the famous "Beau Brocade" trick. This is the latest triumph of Mr. Devant, and is, to say the least, a wonderful performance. It is so cleverly worked that there is not the slightest suspicion of trickery, and at first sight appears almost supernatural. Mr. Devant begins by mesmerising a girl, and placing her in a cloth. A large trunk is then wheeled on to the stage and opened to show that no other person is concealed there. It is then closed down, and the performer, standing a few feet away, throws, or appears to throw, the girl, still wrapped in a cloth, towards it. The trunk is then opened, and the girl is disclosed to view peaceably sleeping inside. It is pleasant to see that a successor to Mr. Nelson Jackson has been found in the person of Mr. Ernest Hastings, whose amusing and original performance, entitled "Music and Humour at the Piano," is much appreciated.



The Continental Tyre Company's New Repair Works at Willesden

For Photographers

We have received an interesting novelty, in the form of a photographic record and diary, from Messrs. Wellcome and Co. Its chief advantage over others of the kind now on the market is that it contains a concise list of exposure times for all kinds of photography. The price is 1*s.*

Cycles for 1909

We have received a copy of the Rudge-Whitworth 1909 sixty-eight-page illustrated catalogue, which contains a wealth of information for the prospective cycle buyer. The catalogue describes in detail all the improvements in Rudge-Whitworths, including the patent combined celluloid handlebar covering and grips, the features of which are that the grips, being in one piece with the handlebar, cannot come off, and the brilliant and absolutely rust-proof finish. Patent brakes and variable speed-gears are described, as well as the all-steel flush joint frame. Charts and prices of all Rudge-Whitworth interchangeable parts and a great variety of cycle accessories are included in the catalogue, which is a veritable cyclists' encyclopædia. It will be sent post free to all who may ask for it.

Nugget

A real "nugget" find to all those who are interested in the care of footwear is the "Nugget" series of boot polishes. Their paramount claim to popularity is the great amount of manual labour they save, for after a slight rub with a brush and a finishing touch with a pad, there results a brilliant and lasting polish, which also is of considerable waterproofing and preserving utility. The "Nugget" polish, for all kinds of boots and shoes, is sold in small tins, and is also obtainable, packed in a neat cardboard box, with brush and pad—of eminent use to travellers.

"The Molassine World"

A magazine for country lovers we would draw our readers' attention to is *The Molassine World*, published at 36, Mark Lane, E.C. The subscription is 1*s.* 6*d.* per annum, post free.

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